

THE ADVENTURES

OF

ABDALLAH *Son of HANTE,*

WHO WAS

sent by the SULTAN of the INDIES
to discover the Fountain of BORICO,
which Restores past YOUTH.

Intermix'd with several Curious and Instructive
HISTORIES.

PART I. CONTAINING

Some Account of the good and bad *Genii, Fairies, Sa-
ges, and Magicians.*

I. The beginning of *Abdallah's* Adventures.

II. The most surprising History of *Almoraddin* and
Alkak, Queen of *Barrostan*.

III. The *Indian Lady* deliver'd from the Fire.

IV. The *Indian Virgin* rescued from the Priests.

V. Several ways of accounting for Long Life.

VI. The little Girl *Lonlon's* Story of the three great *Wizards*.

VII. The History of the King without a Nose.

VIII. The History of *Rouschen*, a *Persian-Lady*, and
her Voyage to the *Topsy-Turvy* Island.

IX. A Description of the *World* revers'd.

Adorn'd with suitable Cuts, curiously Engrav'd.

L O N D O N :

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Country. 1729.

(Price Three Pence.)

THE HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN OF
HIS MAJESTY
GEORGE THE THIRD

BY
JAMES OBERLIN

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. OBERLIN

At the Sign of the Crown

in Pall Mall

1760

By Authority

Printed by J. OBERLIN

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THE INTRODUCTION.

THE Adventures of *ABDALLA* having recommended themselves to the Taste of the Polite and Curious, as well for the Lessons of Morality intermix'd therewith, as for the Accounts of the different Customs and Sentiments of the several People who are made the Subjects of the little Histories contained therein; it is not to be doubted but a faithful Abridgment of them will be as acceptable to Persons of a middle Rank, as the Original or French, and other Translations have been to those of the bighest Quality and Judgment. And it's presum'd, the Readers who have not so much Leisure to make Reflections, will meet with no less Entertainment, if in lieu of several tedious Descriptions, which spoil the Thread of the Story, some short Morals are added to the Whole, by way of Explanation, to render it useful as well as diverting. At the same Time a few Hints will be given, to point out the Satyr which has been observ'd to a noble Lord, to be contain'd in it. But 'tis hop'd those who are so far acquainted with the dark manner of the Eastern Writings, by way of Fable and Allegory, as to be able to apply it themselves, will not think this part is undertaken for any, but such as would otherwise believe these Fables to be only mere Relations or Romances, and to have couched in them no farther Meaning or Instruction.

We shall only observe, that notwithstanding our endeavours all along to soften the difficult Places, or render them more intelligible by short Notes, yet we cannot think it unnecessary to premise here, some Remarks on the Nature and different Appellations of the good and bad Genii, which so frequently occur in the writings of the Persians and Arabians; whose Credulity in such Points is so obvious to the Readers of the oriental Authors of this sort, that we shall say no more of it than, that they seem to allow the Genii the same Power, and make the like use of it, as the Grecian Poets did

of their Gods and Goddesses. It is to be noted that of these extraordinary Beings the Genii, the Male is called a Genius, the other sex a Ginne, or Ginnes. According to the Mahometan Authors, they inhabited the World before Adam, and were of two sorts, viz. the good called a Peri or the Peri's (Males) and a Perise or Perises (Females) which last bear rule in the Topsy Turvy Island.

The bad were called a Div or Divs for the Male, and a Dive or Dives for the other Sex. These good and bad Genii were always at discord, which was much increas'd by the appearance of Adam; the former were submissive to God in every thing, and the latter grew more evil and factious, except some who were converted in Solomon's Days, and others who turn'd into the right Path, as Mahomet says, by hearing the Alcoran read.

The Disciples of the Perises, are properly speaking (says our Author) Fairies, and those of the Peri's, Sages; and they who consulted the Divs, are called Magicians or Sorcerers and Sorceresses; which Mystery will be more fully unravel'd by reading the History of Rouschen the Persian Lady.

The Reason of publishing these Adventures in different Parts, is to render the Charge so much easier to our kind Readers, and by this first to give a speedier Relish of what we have designed for their Evening Entertainments this Winter; which would have been well nigh spent, should we have waited the Graver's Leisure to finish all the Cuts, and the Author's opportunities to perfect the whole at once.

To the Remainder that is coming forth with all convenient speed, will be added a Table of the principal Matters, together with the Explanatory Remarks, which, no material Fact or Circumstance being omitted, will render it, if not more compleat, yet, full as entire as the Original.



T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
A B D A L L A *Son of* H A N I F.

HANIF my Father, who had been Commissary-General of the Horse to the Great Mogul, had the misfortune to lose that Employment and to die, tho' a natural Death, under the displeasure of that Monarch. About two Years after, the sixth of the Reign of *Chah-Jehan*, Father of *Aureng-Zebe*, towards the end of * *Ramadan*, a little before the second † Prayer, the Captain of his Guards came into my Chamber, and said: '*Abdalla* Son of *Hanif*, I wish the Command I am oblig'd to execute, may be advantageous to Thee. Give me thy Sabre, and follow me to the Sultan.' Immediately I fell prostrate, and having ador'd God, answer'd him thus: 'Put thy Hand on my Head; the Sultan is Master of my Life, I am his slave.' Then delivering my Sabre, I follow'd him. When we came to the Palace I was surrounded by ten of the Guards, and in that manner went through all the Courts to the Grand Monarch, who was attended only by the chief General, and chief Priest or *Iman*. The Captain of the Guards presented him my Cimeter, and said, 'Light of the faithful! *Abdalla*, without the least Resistance, has submitted to thy Orders. May thy Enemies imitate his Example.' Though I was not conscious to my self of any Crime, I was extremely afraid, but however, I shewed no Appearance of it. The Sultan's Eyes were no ways fiery, but that did not entirely comfort me; for thought I, what need of Wrath to destroy a Shrub? Seeing me at his Feet he said, 'Son of *Hanif*, let us pray and fall down before him who never dies.' Then he and all his Attendants knelt and bowed their Faces to adore the Prophet. This much increased my Terror; uncertain of my Fate, I thus secretly invoc'd the faithful Interpreter of the Will of the Almighty to protect me: 'Mes-

* The Month in which the Mahometans neither eat, nor drink, nor lie with their Wives, from the Sun Rising to the appearance of the Stars.

† The Mahometans are to pray 5 times a Day, 1. after Sun-rising, 2. at noon, 3. before Sun-setting, 4. at Sun-setting, 5. late at night.

senger of God! if I have always detested the three || Heresies, if my Resolutions were sincere when I went to pay honour to thy Shrine, and bedew with my Sweat the holy Mount † *Arafat*. If my chief delight was in reading over the Divine Book, be thou now my support; for I see the dark and frightful :: Angels ready to receive me. Remember how much I trust in Thee. There is but one God, and thou art his Prophet.'

Prayer ended, the Sultan rose up and said to me, Son of *Hanif*, bow down thy head, thou shalt undertake a long Voyage. Father of *Mussulmen*, answer'd I boldly, all must expect once to make this long Voyage; but may the most high and merciful God multiply thy Years! Then I bowed down my Neck, and he drawing forth my sabre, extended his Arm; but instead of taking off my head, he sheath'd the blade. This unexpected Clemency caus'd a joyful shout; at which, opening my closed Eyes, I was surpriz'd to see the Sultan come to raise me up and embrace me, declaring he was as much charmed with my Courage, as Obedience. Then he order'd the Captain to retire with his Guards, placed me between the chief Priest and General, and made a signal to the latter to speak.

'My Lord, said he, after the Victory which you obtain'd over the King of *Golkonda*, we found in his Camp under Chains, an Indian said to be 340 Years of Age; he was a Native of *Bengal*; his Visage was pretty full of Wrinkles, yet he had a fine fresh Colour, and his Hair was as white as Snow; but he had a clear Voice, and was gay and healthy, walk'd very nimbly, and scarcely stoop'd: I freed him from his Chains, and enquir'd by what means he attain'd to that Age. He told me, that his Father, who liv'd 350 Years, had bequeath'd to him three Doses of Water brought from the Fountain of the Island *Borico*, by Virtue of which, he had been thrice restor'd to his former Youth. I desir'd to know in what Part of the World this Island was, and whether it was permitted to bring away any of the Water of this blessed Fountain of Life. He protested he never had any farther Satisfaction herein, though he had often asked his Father these Questions, than that it was a Present from the God * *Vichnou*, to whom his Father had sacrific'd a long time. This was all I could get from him, though earnestly press'd to give a better account.' The General stopping here, the Sultan turn'd to the Chief of the *Imans*, who moving his Hand to his Forehead said thus: 'Sacred Defender

|| viz. 1. That we are saved by Grace without the Law. 2. By Truth, independently both of Grace and the Law. 3. That all Religions are good.

† A Mountain near Mecca, which the Mahometan Pilgrims run up.

:: Nonkir and Quarekir, to whom they are deliver'd after Death.

* The Indians say Parabanavastou, their chief God, created 3 Inferior; namely, Bruma, Vichnou, and Routren.

of the Faithful, May the Sword of the destroying Angel grow rusty in thy Favour. *Amrou* Son of *Gigim* in his History of the World, says, that *Borico* is situated by it self, surrounded by a vast Extent of Sea, that the Days and Nights there are equal, and the Trees bear Fruit all the Year. He adds, that the Fountain whose Water restores Youth, is encompassed with a small building, the Key of which is kept by the chief Priest, who disposes of none of the Water but by particular Direction, and lets the Inhabitants have none but what runs over, and is but of little Virtue. The Water out of the Fountain is of such Strength, that the least Excess of drinking it kindles a Fire in the Veins not to be extinguish'd, but by loss of Life. The Historian relates, that some having attempted to take it by force were repuls'd by an Army of Phantoms, others frightened by Lyons, Dragons, and Giants, some by Earthquakes, and others by Flames of Fire, besides swarms of armed Natives; so that all were happy that could escape to tell of their wonderful Expedition.

The Sultan perceiving he had done, express'd a vehement Desire for a Water of such inestimable Value, and looking on me said: '*Abdalla*, if the Voyage I seem'd to threaten thee with could not daunt thee; thou can'st not fear going that of the Island of *Borico* in my service.' — 'Most potent King, (answer'd I, very cheerfully) I fear none but Thee on Earth; I'll go this Instant: and, cut me to pieces, if I bring not what thou desirest. Depart instantly, reply'd *Chah-Jehan*; the Years thou shalt add to mine, shall be as many happy ones to thee.

The next Morning being supply'd with all I judg'd necessary, I join'd a Caravan just setting out for *Cambaye*, having but an ordinary suit of Cloaths, but carrying with me in Gold and Jewels the value of a Town. I commonly let the Company go before me that I might better think of the means to execute my Commission; which I look'd on as no less than perpetual Banishment. I am going, said I, to wander I know not whither, in quest of an Island perhaps no where to be found. Nothing is more certain than my Uncertainty of the Road I ought to take. However, I will take such measures as shall make me succeed beyond all hope, or convince me, all Search is in vain. A Day's Journey from *Bargant*, I perceiv'd I was not the only Person avoided Company to indulge Reflection. A young Man of an agreeable Aspect seem'd to be in my Condition; and I was the more convinc'd of it, when riding nearer him, I observ'd his melancholy Air, and heard him say with a Sigh, supposing himself alone; Oh! if *She* now escapes, I'm irretrievably lost. Upon which, he taking notice of me, we saluted, and began a Conversation with indifference, which at last we became interested in. I insinuated my self into his Confidence, so that he made no difficulty to relate to me the Subject of his Inquietude, in the following Manner.

The

The History of ALMORADDIN.

MY Name is *Almoraddin*, I am the only Son of a Merchant, about three Years ago one of the richest in *Cambaye*. But his Love and Tenderness for me have very much reduc'd him, and now for ought I know, we are both on the Brink of utter Ruin. Alas! how wretched am I to be the Cause of it. I've deluded him into an Abyss, where Love has twice precipitated me, and where Infatuation plunges me again.

Some young Merchants of my Blood and Acquaintance, being resolv'd to go a trafficking Voyage to *Syam*, invited me to see the World in the way of Business. I readily agreed to it; my Father comply'd with my first Motion, fitted me out a good Ship, stor'd with rich Merchandiz, and recommending to me Industry and Fidelity, gave me his Blessing. We set sail with a fair Wind, and coasted along the Isthma of *India*, without any Accident: But the Wind changing, we entred the Straights of *Malacca*, and made for the Island *Sumatra*. Amusing my self one clear Day upon Deck, I spy'd a fine Port, and a most delightful Town adjoyning. Immediately I ask'd the Name of it, and express'd a desire to put in there. That, answer'd the Pilot, is the Capital Town of the little Kingdom *Barrostan*, and is governed at present by Queen *Zulikah*, the most beautiful Princess of the East. She has made a Law which has been the Ruin of many imprudent Youths. Therefore look on this Port as a most dangerous Rock, be advis'd by me, and pursue your Voyage.

What does that Law enjoin, said I? your Discourse surprizes. It obliges, reply'd he, every Commander that enters the Port, to lie one night with the Queen: if any Familiarity passes between them he must become her spouse; but if he answer not her warm expectations, his Vessel, Men and Cargo, are confiscated, and himself oblig'd to depart her Dominions next Day. Were my Life also, cry'd I, to lie at stake, I am resolv'd to endeavour at pleasing so amiable a Princess, and try whether Fortune will not favour me more than those you mention'd. The Pilot strongly objected to it, but I compell'd him to obey, and we entered full sail into the Harbour. On my landing, the Courtiers came to compliment me, the Populace stared at me as I pass'd the streets, and the Queen receiv'd me very graciously. But oh! how did her sparkling Eyes inflame my soul! how sweet her rosy Lips! how regular her Features! what a fine Complexion! so charming a Shape! with such Majesty and Sweetness, as can only be imagin'd! I willingly yielded to their Impression, in expectation of a speedy En-

* In all the East Countries a fine Shape is the very height of Beauty.
joyment

joyment of them. *Zulikah* took me by the hand, and seating me nigh her, ask'd me with all the affability imaginable, If I was acquainted with her Country Laws. Yes, Fair Queen, reply'd I, and could I merit the Happiness they impose as an Obligation, there can be none so sweet in the World? --nor so severely kept-added she smiling. Then turning the Discourse, she asked some questions about my Voyage, and seem'd well-pleased with my Answers. Supper was served with great magnificence, follow'd by a Ball, all the Honour of which I engross'd in the Queen's Judgment, who admir'd the manner of my Dancing. When it grew late she conducted me to her Chamber; a handsome Slave brought us Sweetmeats and Liquors; we undressed, but the moment we were in bed I fell asleep. Next morning two armed Men awoke me, and said angrily, *Mind thou observest the Law*. I looked at the place where the Queen lay, I curs'd my sleepy Fate; but there was no remedy; for when I was drest, they thrust me out of the Palace. The Fatigue I underwent in traversing the Island was inexpressible; at last I reach'd *Achen*, and found a Vessel bound to *Cambaye*, so ship'd my self as a common Sailor.



Being arrived in my native Country, I went to a Friend, who hardly knew me, and made him believe my Ship was cast away. I got him to carry this News to my Father, who finding I had escaped,

escaped, did not regard the Loss of his Wealth; wherefore hastening to meet me, he led me home, and embracing me, bid me be of good comfort, saying, The Sea has left us Treasure enough in thy Life: Forget thy Losses and Disappointments. Some time after my Companions arrived also laden with vast Riches, and were preparing for another Voyage next Spring, inviting me to go again, saying, We will keep you company all the way, and you shall certainly double your Loss. I needed no Persuasions to it, the Idea of the lovely Queen of *Barrostan* being a sufficient Spur.

The Winter being over, I became very pensive, and my Father enquiring the Reason, Don't you know it then, said I? I shall die with Grief, unless I can be able to repair the Detriment you sustain by my Misfortune. My dear Son, replied he, don't expose your self to new Dangers; I had rather you would enjoy our little certainty at home; but if you are bent on courting Fortune again, I love you too well to oppose it. I burst into Tears of gratitude, which increased his Tendernefs. He gave me a Vessel richer laden than the other, renewing his Instructions, and I set sail joyfully with my Friends. When I discover'd the fatal Island, I let them make the *Malacca* Streights before me, then backening my course, I bore away at night unknown to them. In vain did the Pilot and Sailors expostulate; I eagerly seized the Rudder, and steered the Course blind Love directed me. I was much more careless now than at my first Arrival, being the only Captain that ever return'd thither. The heavenly *Zulikah* strove to charm me with additional Graces; but alas! how ill did I repay her! An envious Devil lull'd me to sleep as soon as in bed. Next morning my Despair exceeded all bounds; nothing could compare with it, but the Hardships I endured in my Journey to *Cambaye*.

Here a thousand Sobs interrupted him. *Almoraddin*, says I, your Misfortunes, I own, require Tears, but I hope you have learnt by them how to avoid Dangers and to overcome yourself, a Knowledge never too dear bought. Alas! cried he, I have paid the price, without acquiring it. How unfortunate am I! to lose two rich Ships, and am now going to run the hazard of a third, and of bringing my compassionate Father as well as my self to the lowest want. For he has not only converted all his Substance into Merchandise, but has borrowed of the wealthy *Mamut* of *Aden*, ten thousand Roupies, on condition of becoming his Slave, if he does not pay him in a Years time.

The Father's easy-to-be-wrought-on Goodness, and the Son's Obstinacy greatly excited my pity; and, all Countries being indifferent to me, I offered to accompany him in his Voyage. He readily accepted my Proposal, and we continued our Travels together. I then acquainted him who I was, and what I went in pursuit of; attributing that only to my Curiosity, which I had not

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undertaken but upon an Order that enjoined secrecy. I fancy we considered one another's whimsical Design in the same view, and that while I inwardly accused him of *Madness*, he wondered as much at my extravagant *Folly*.

One Afternoon as we travelled before the Caravan, entertaining ourselves as usual, we heard a sad Outcry at some distance. We hastened that Way, and having tied our Horses to a Tree, we passed through a Thicket towards the Place where the then more and more increasing Cries were heard from. There presented to our view a Gang of *Bramins* and *Fakirs**, attempting to ravish two most beautiful *Indian* Women, each struggling hard against Five. As became true *Musselmén*, we fell upon these Villains, Sword in hand. Infamous Rascals, said I to them, We'll punish your Impudence; your Deaths shall be the only Atonement for so foul a Crime. The 3 next me soon experienced my Fury; the rest letting go the Women, drew their *Canjars*, and disposed themselves to attack us, making a dreadful Howling; but it had not the designed Effect: For instead of daunting us, it proved fatal to them, by drawing most of our Convoy to our Assistance. However 4 more had fallen by our hands, when this Succour came up to us; the rest were cut in pieces without Quarter, by the Soldiers, who divided the Plunder amongst them. *Almoraddin* was slightly wounded in the Shoulder, but I received no Hurt.

When the Combat was over, the Women who had hid themselves behind the Bushes, came and prostrated themselves before us, acknowledging us as their Deliverers and Masters. Praise God, said I, and honour *Mahomet* his Prophet, whose Slaves we are; his invincible Sword has deliver'd you. As the approach of Night did not permit us to stay long in that Place, we took them up behind us, and went to look for Lodgings.

We were so fatigu'd, that however curious we were of hearing the Adventures of our Fair Captives, we gave way to Sleep immediately after Supper. They pass'd the Night in the same Chamber, and much admir'd our Indifference, not knowing how deeply our Hearts were engag'd. The next Day we got them Horses, and pursuing our Journey, desir'd them to inform us how they came into the Hands of those villanous Priests.

The Eldest, who was very richly dress'd, pull'd out a Parcel of rich Jewels and presented to me as an Acknowledgement of her Gratitude. But I decently refus'd it, as did also *Almoraddin*, which increas'd my Esteem for him, considering the Posture of his Affairs; all the Return he and my self requir'd, was to be gratify'd without Delay, with her Story.

* The Names of two sorts of the Heathenish Priests in India.

† A *Canjar* is a short, but very broad Poniard.

The Adventure of the Indian LADY deliver'd from the Fire.

I was, said the Lady, the happiest Woman in all *Litour*, till a violent Fit of the Cholick put an end to it, with the Life of the best of Husbands, whom I had enjoy'd twelve Months, and scarce thought it one. The Art of the Physicians was try'd in vain. When he gave up his last Breath, I was sitting at the Head of the Bed in a deplorable Condition; his Relations were all in Tears; the *Bramines* invoked the assisting Spirits, and the Day-Star to send the Rays of Light to re-animate the Lifeless Body; but alas! that Portion of Divinity was already flown, and unired to its Source. I fell into a Swoond, or Delirium, in which, I knew not what I might say. But as soon as I recover'd, I found my self on my Bed, encompass'd by *Bramines*, who by their Gestures and Singing seem'd exceeding gay. Their Folly increas'd my Grief, and caus'd me passionately to ask them what they meant. Their Chief, an aged Man of great Authority, impos'd Silence on the rest, and forcing a Kiss on my Hand, said, 'Tis your Heroick Virtue we celebrate, your conjugal Tendernefs, your faithful Love; a Divine Fire, which the purest Flames that ever proceeded from Balm, or Cinnamon, are unworthy to be mix'd with. O happy Deceased! bright Spark! continued he, be no longer agitated, thy faithful consort will be shortly rais'd to mingle Glory with thee. I comprehended the aim of his * Discourse, and endeavour'd to escape, but the cruel old Man caus'd me to be detain'd, and they continued to overwhelm me with their deceitful Praises. ' You are the Glory of your Country, said they, a Predigy of Courage, the support of our Religion, a worthy Example to succeeding Ages, to learn all widows to follow their tender Husbands into the other World, and to purify their Charms in the sacred Fire. How delightful is it to blend our Ashes with those we formerly cherish'd, and fly to the center of Light to celebrate new Nupials!

I am unworthy, cry'd I, of all these Honours, my Spouse will be satisfy'd with my Tears; and I shall join him when Fate ordains. But you have chosen, replied they all together, to end your Days in a more glorious manner: your Soul is rais'd above itself. Oh, dearest of Husbands! did you say, I cannot, will not survive thee. Don't oppose any longer a pretended Modesty to the Praises you merit. We have inform'd the Magistrates, your Relations and your fellow Citizens of it; they have deliver'd you to us, they have resign'd you to our Zeal, and we will not fail to

* Some Indian Women chuse to be burnt with the dead bodies of their Husbands. The Mahometans discourage this Custom.

execute their Desires. I alledged, if any Expression of that kind escaped me, it was unknowingly and in my Fits. They regarded not this Excuse, but judged me to be in a supernatural Trance and so my Expressions the more to be observ'd. They suffer'd me not out of their Sight, while my Husband's Corpse was washing and the Pile of Wood making ready. Being then in Despair, I kept silence, and would take no Sustainance. This too these infamous flatterers interpreted as an Effect of my marvelous Virtue. The half of her Soul, said they, is already with the Sun, and the other disdains the common weakneses of human Nature.

The chief of these *Barbarians*, who had a concealed Design, was alarmed at my behaviour, and, the Night before my intended Sacrifice, whisper'd me on this wise: *Fear not, fair Lady; I'll find means to save you. The God's mov'd at my Prayers, resign you up to their Minister, and command you not to shorten a Life even the Flames will revere.* I entertained some hope of Deliverance from this mystical Discourse, but examin'd not the Price the Deceiver set upon it. I eat, seem'd easy, and received the Congratulations of my Friends, and their Commissions for another World, without Concern. Next Day they dress'd me in my richest Apparel, and conducted me with musical Instruments to the funeral Pile. I enter'd the Lodge prepared for me, and my Husband's Corpse was laid across my Knees, according to the Custom of *Kitoor*. The Entrance of the Lodge being stop'd, the Fire was set to the Wood, and the Air echo'd with the mournful sound of the Instruments and People. At sight of the Flames, I was seized with all my former Terrour, and the more when the Pile I sat on sunk down with me into the Earth. The measures were so well taken, that I was unhurt. My Husband's Body was drawn up from me into the Fire, and two *Bramines* whom I heard, but did not see, stop'd up the Passage, and convey'd me thro' an obscure Vault, into a Cavern, where they shut me up.

My Funeral Rites being over, the chief of the *Bramines* came, with the rest, to the Place where I was, which being pretty light and large, the Brothers made a splendid Entertainment, and were very merry, especially upon the easy Credulity of the People.

Supper being over, they divided themselves by their Chief's Directions, some going under Ground, and others above, to make an End of stopping up the Place at which we descended, that their Artifice might not be perceiv'd by the most discerning. The old *Bramine* remaining alone with me, I expected to be attacked by him; but I suppose, thinking to win me by feigned Respect, he offer'd nothing farther than a heighten'd Representation of the Favour he had done me. Next Morning, Six *Bramines* return'd with Horses and Provisions; I having taken all the Jewels off my Cloaths, was disguis'd with one of their long Robes; and we began a Journey I knew not whither.

The farther we left *Kitour* behind us, the more clearly my odious old Lover's Designs appear'd. We met Yesterday at *Massan*, a Party of *Fakirs*, who having a Waggon, travell'd more commodiously than we; there we left our Horses, our Chief having obtain'd Leave to join Companies. I was plac'd next this young Lady, expos'd alike to the same Dangers, and the *Bramines* and *Fakirs* sat very sociably one among another. Their Chiefs, despairing to bring us to a shameful Compliance by fair Means, resolv'd to effect their Designs by Force, when, happily for us, they were, by your timely and generous Aid, prevented.

We were sensibly touch'd at this Lady's hard Condition, and knowing She was no longer safe at *Kitour*, *Almoraddin* offer'd her Shelter at his Father's: She thanking him, told us She had an Uncle at *Amadabat*, named *Ali-Bajou*, who was a *Mussulman*, and would protect her from all future Dangers.

Then we turned to the other Lady, who, having call'd us her generous Deliverers, smilingly said to us.

The Adventures of the Indian-Virgin carry'd away by the Fakirs.

I Come from a large Town on the High Road, about two Miles from *Amanabat*. We shall pass through it, so I beg you'll please to leave me there with my Relations. About four Days ago, the Feast of the God * *Ram* and King *Innuman* was celebrated there with great Rejoicing, in Memory of their Victory over the Giant *Ravanem*, and the Deliverance of *Sidi*, Wife of *Ram*, whom the Giant detain'd in his Island *Serandib*. A great Concourse of People came thither either out of Devotion, or to see the Diversions of the Place, and the Inhabitants were assembled to partake of them. There were Comedians, Posture-Masters, Dancers, Tumblers, who were all much admir'd, and Musicians who sang the grand Chorus. The *Fakirs* also, whom you have deservedly punish'd, drew about them a great Crowd, by acting in their Waggon the Rape of *Cariovarti*, Daughter of *Eruma*. The youngest of them dress'd in Women's Cloaths, represented the Goddess, and the Oldest, the God *Bruma*. She appear'd at first in the Front of the Waggon, making a Nosegay of Flowers, and singing harmoniously. The God *Bruma*, in the hind Part of the Waggon, express'd to his || *Andies* the Violence

* *Ram is the God Vichnou made Man.*

† *King of the Monkeys, who first discover'd the Ravisher of Sidi, and supply'd Ram with an Army of 500,000,000 of Monkeys.*

|| *Those who perform great Penances in honour of the Indian Gods.*

of his Passion for his Daughter, and her Resolution never to satisfy his Desire. They advised him to turn himself into a Stag and ravish her. Accordingly he places a large pair of Buck's Horns on his Head, and by their Assistance, seizes *Cariovarti*, and carries her under a Tapestry Coverlid representing a * Forest. Then the Waggon mov'd on, and the Goddess fill'd the Air with her Cries. Alas! said she, where are my Relations! Oh *Vichnou*! Oh! *Rutren*! shall the Traytors carry me away unpunish'd? *Bruma* and his *Andies* set up a triumphant Shout, and by their comical Gestures and mimicking and mocking her Cries, made the whole Audience to laugh.

Unhappily for me, I was much pleas'd with this Sight, and follow'd the Waggon so long, that the old *Fakir* who acted *Bruma* took particular Notice of me. Towards Evening when they had almost done, he pulled off his Mask and Horns, and made the following Speech. *Adorers of Ram, we think ourselves happy in having afforded you any Diversiſon by our Performances. But do ye think this is all we can do? No! No! We will give you a new Entertainment, for which we only want another in a Woman's Habit, to render the Scenes more agreeable.* As soon as he had done speaking, his Companions jump'd down, seiz'd me, lifted me into the Waggon, and wrapt me in *Cariovarti's* Coverlid; which was all done in an Instant. I began to struggle, squawl'd out, and call'd to Men and Dogs to come to my Succour; but these Villains mimick'd what they saw me do, bid me cry louder and I should be a very good Actress, at the same time with their Musick and Shouts drowning my Complaints of their bantering me in this manner; which with their ridiculous Gestures so diverted the Audience, that when the Waggon began to move, they who knew me, imagin'd after a Turn or two round the Market Place, I should be set down again; but the *Fakirs* had no such Design. For making larger Circuits by Degrees, they about Dusk, drew me out of the Town and made such haste, that by Midnight they reach'd a Wood at a great Distance; and here they would not have stopp'd but to refresh themselves and their Horses. I knew not where, nor for what Purpose I was hurry'd along at that Rate; but my Fears were confirm'd, when the Chief of the *Fakirs* took this Opportunity to declare himself my Lover, and to tire me with his insolent Solicitations. I summon'd all my Resolution and Wits, to repel them. But alas! What Impressions can the most skilful Argument of a Woman make on a Lustful Man? I was persecuted with continual Intreaties and Threat'nings, till this agreeable Widow became my Companion; afterwards their Violence would have

* *Bruma*, transform'd into a Stag, ravish'd his Daughter in a Forest.

produc'd more direful Effects, had it not been prevented, Gentlemen, by your seasonable Assistance.

The horrible Villany of these subtle *Fakirs* appear'd so detestable to us, that we loaded them with a thousand Curses, and wish'd we could have rais'd them to Life again, that we might have punish'd them with more torturing Deaths. We deliver'd the *Indian Virgin* to her Parents, who receiv'd her with great Joy; and we no sooner reach'd *Amadabat*, but I conducted the fair Widow to her Uncle *Ali Bajou*, who instructed her in his Religion. We then pursued our Journey to *Cambaye*, which is a City too well known to need a particular Description; but as it was there I began more diligently to discharge the Commission *Chah-Jehan* had honour'd me with, it will be proper here to give an Account of the Method I took to make my Researches.

Abdalla's Enquiries after the Reasons of long Life, and the Water that restores past Youth.

THE Moment I alighted in a Place, I enquir'd if any Aged Persons, learned Men, or celebrated Travellers lived thereabouts, and when I found them, spar'd nothing to promote a frank Conversation. If an old Man told me he was sound and vigorous and his Health no ways impaired, I desir'd to know the Secret he made Use of to preserve it. Some said, I eat but one Meal a Day, or, I never take Physick; I avoid all Fatigue and take but little Sleep, and am unmarried. Others made quite contrary Answers: I eat four Meals a Day, take a Purge every Month, love Exercise, sleep very much, and have a third Wife. The old Man of *Calicut* assured me his long Life and Health were owing to his keeping his Head and Feet dry; He of *Barristan* attributed his, to his natural Aversion to raw Fruit, and Fat Meats. Others alleged, theirs proceeded from avoiding Passion and Sadness, but none made the least Mention of the Water of *Borico*, as a Restorer of past Youth.

The learned Men were more reserved, but my Purse or Praise reconciled me to them; I propos'd various Questions on Evacuations, and the Means to repair them in Humane Bodies. They made me fine Discourses, proving that the Preservation of Bodies was nothing else but a perpetual Re-establishment. They computed the Age of certain * Trees and Animals † suppos'd to live long, because they die insensibly. They reckon'd up

* An Oak is 100 Years coming to its full Growth, flourishes 100 is 100 decaying.

† A Raven, a Crow, a Stag, &c.

Number of Men and Women known to have liv'd many Ages, But none could tell the Means that had preserv'd them so long. Though they differ'd in every thing else, they were all except the *Alchymists* agreed in this, that there was no particular thing yet known they could properly term, *the sweet Remedy for Uglinefs, Poverty, and Death*; but the latter were continually hoping to discover it. And 'twas these Lovers of supernatural Sciences and Travellers, that I depended on for my Information. Was not, said I, the old Man of *Bengal* a Traveller? and was not the Son of *Gigim* instructed by such? Therefore where-ever I went, I always consulted those who had seen the World, in order to satisfy my Curiosity. They were so much the reverse of the learned Men, that they wanted but little Entreaty, seeming fonder of relating their Travels than I was of hearing 'em, although in listening to their Narrations, I entertained Hopes of learning something relating to my Expedition, or to find out a Sage in Unity with the *Genii*, of whom I might know further.

In this Expectation I join'd *Almoraddin*, whose Ship being ready, we put to Sea; our Passage was longer and more dangerous than the Season promis'd. We were several Times oblig'd to put into Harbour, and stay'd near a Month at *Calicut*, to repair the Damage our Vessel had receiv'd in the bad Weather. There we were told of a *Persian* Lady nam'd *Ronschen*, the Relict of a Merchant of that Nation, whose House was much resorted to by the *Curious* on Account of the many surprizing things she discours'd of. What most excited my Curiosity, was the Voyage she declar'd she had made to the *Topsy Turvy* Island, where she saw such Wonders as before were never beheld by any Mortal. But at our coming to *Calicut*, she had left off telling any thing of it, because she perceiv'd little Credit was given to her Relations, most Strangers who resorted to her House looking on what she said relating to the * *Peri's* and † *Di's*, to be mere Fiction. The Adorers of ‡ *Iffa* thought she was mad, and the rest knew not what to think of her.

I was desirous of conversing with such an extraordinary Person, since the Name of *Topsy Turvy* Island, gave me such a lively Idea of that I search'd after. We made her several Visits, which she receiv'd with so much Civility, that we judg'd our Company was not disagreeable. She reason'd with such good Sense, as abated my former Prejudice against all the Women of her Country. She had a Daughter named *Loulou*, not nine Years of Age, whose witty Conversation we much admir'd: I took occasion to praise her fine Eyes and Eye-brows, upon which her Mother interrupted and said, *Daughter, make appear your Wit deserves far greater Encomiums*. That I shall, answer'd *Loulou*, by telling these Strangers a Story.

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* The good *Genii*. † Bad *Genii*. ‡ The Christians.

Loulou's first Story; of the three great Fishes.

IN the Kingdom of Staphilin, on the Coast of the grey Sea, there was formerly a Pond, which produc'd such very fine Fish, that the King had them reserv'd for his own Use, none of his Subjects daring to meddle with them. For a long time he would have none caught for himself, which augmented the Growth of three of these Fishes to so preposterous a Size, that they lorded it over the whole Pond, and became at last so nice in their Eating, that nothing would go down with them but their Fellow-Fishes, so that they depopulated the Pond in a short Time.

One of these Tyrants was very couragious, the other very cunning, and the third very sloathful. But, as all vile Actions come to light one time or other, their Rapaciousness at last reached the King's Ears, who was resolv'd to have them taken for his own eating. He sent therefore his Fishermen to view the Pond over-night, and get things in Readiness for the next Day; where talking of their Commission, a Frog overheard them, and went to carry the fatal News to the three Fishes, who were at Supper together. But they made a Jest of what the poor Frog said, and enjoy'd themselves till Midnight and then fell asleep. At Sun-rising the King came, and order'd the Fishermen to environ the Pond with their Nets. The Frog made a great croaking to awake the Fishes, which were still asleep. The two couragious and cunning ones awoke, the first made his way into a Brook that came into the Pond, by breaking the Net. The other feign'd himself dead, and floated on the Water, as if he had been poisoned. The Frog could not stir the Lazy one; though he heard well enough, he would not move till the Nets approach'd. The Fishermen took up the cunning one which was floating, and smelling to the stinking Matter he had rubb'd his Head with, they threw him into the Pond again as a rotten Fish. As for the sloathful Fish, he had scarce open'd his Eyes when he was taken and carry'd before the King, where he yawn'd several times, with the greatest Unconcern. The Prince perceiving he was very fat, order'd his Cooks to dress him up for his Breakfast. This is so true, added the little Story-teller, that a lazy Criminal never escapes the Punishment due to him.

We very much applauded this agreeable Story. Loulou oblig'd us after with several others, which we found were learn'd her by a Portuguese Slave, who was one of her Tutors.

But to return to her Mother; our Friendship increasing, we entreated her to pleasure us with a Description of her Voyage. She readily agreed, provided we would each relate an Adventure as surprising as hers, and give her one first. Almoraddin chose to begin. The truest, and strangest History I ever heard, said he, is that of the King without a Nose. I was told it by Scheik-Alsem, whom God be merciful to.

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The History of the King without a Nose.

A Magician, who called himself Sage *Becolhan*, repairing to the Court of *Fion* King of *Gor*, met with so favourable a Reception that he resolv'd to abide there a time. Notwithstanding his kind Treatment, he could not refrain exercising his ill Genius. Upon his Arrival he foretold the Ruin of the Kingdom. King *Fion* at first ridicul'd his Prophecy, but afterwards applied to him for Relief. For when by his Diabolical Enchantments, he had fill'd the Country with venomous Creatures, and had thrown Numbers of the People of all Ranks into incurable Diseases; the King thought no Body so able to redress the Calamity as he who had the Fore-knowledge of it; and therefore desir'd him not to refuse his Assistance. *Becolhan* transported to find the King come into the Snare he had laid for him, said, *Prince, I know thy Inquietudes, and have been studying to dispel them; for were I not naturally inclin'd to Generosity, yet the civil Usage thou hast shewn me, would make me undertake any thing for thy Service. But some unlucky Constellation at present opposes my Design, which ceasing, I'll signify what Course thou shalt take.* *Fion* was extremely pleas'd with this Answer, and conceiv'd a great Veneration for the pretended Sage.

'Tis the Custom for the Sultan of this Country, to sleep two Hours every Day after Dinner, encompass'd by his Nobles, who make their Court by sleeping along with him, every one dress'd in their richest Apparel, and extended on a magnificent Sopha. At one of these sleepy Repasts *Fion* fell into a Dream. He thought he saw erected in the great Square of *Gor*, the Statue of *Becolhan* holding a Scrole in each Hand: In one was wrote, *Heaven destroys*; and in the other, *I cure*. He thought also, that vast Multitudes of sick People came and touched the Statue, and were cured by it; that the Shepherds drove their languishing Flocks near it, which were restored likewise; and lastly, that millions of Serpents, and Dragons, came to the Feet of it and were destroy'd. *Fion* awaking, related the Dream to his Attendants, who advis'd him to send for the Sage to interpret it. Those who went for him, knock'd a long While at his Door, without any Body answering: At last *Becolhan* looked out of the Window, and said in a Passion: *What do ye trouble me for? Does not the Dream explain it self? Go from whence ye came.* The wicked Man knew very well their Business, for he caused the Dream.

This Answer being told the Prince, he called a Council, which was of Opinion that the Statue of *Becolhan* should be immediately raised, after the Model the King saw in his Dream, also that Divine Honours should be paid to him as a Prophet. The Queen oppos'd this Advice but in vain. It was put in Execution; Men and

and Cattle recover'd, and the venomous Beasts were destroy'd. The cunning *Becolhan* elevated with the Success of his wicked Practices, no longer appear'd in Publick. He was proclaimed God of *Gor*; Hymns were sung in his Honour, and Songs made to him. But he perceived that his Glory would not last long, by reason that the Ills he had done, and those that would ensue, were greater than his pretended Cures. Therefore he resolv'd upon quitting the Place; yet was willing to take a malicious farewell of *Fion*, before his Departure. This King sleeping in Public as usual, *Becolhan* appear'd to him again, and said to him in a Dream: King of *Gor*, thou hast done me so much honour, that I think it not a sufficient Retaliation to have preserv'd thy Subjects and their Flocks; it is but just that yourself should partake of my Gratitude. Thy Kingdom is powerful in Men, and fertile in Produce; but is destitute of Gold and Silver. Follow me, and I will make thee Master of a vast Treasure the Gods have reveal'd to me. *Fion* thought he went with the pretended Sage over several Mountains and Rivers, till they came to a spacious Orchard of Pomegranate Trees: In the middle of it *Becolhan* pointed to one, saying, Under this Tree lies the Treasure. How shall I know it again, cry'd *Fion*, since the other Trees are like this? Cut off a Branch, reply'd *Becolhan*, bending him one, and it will be a sufficient Mark. *Fion* took hold of the Branch, drew out his Knife and cut it off. Upon this the Magician fell a laughing, and disappear'd.

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That Moment King Gor was seized with a violent Pain which awaked him, and made him give such a Groan as roused all his sleeping Courtiers. They were astonish'd to see their Master cover'd with Blood, holding his Knife in one Hand, and his Nose in the other, at the same time raving at Becolhan. *Perfidious Villain! cry'd he, dost thou laugh at my Misfortune, and thinkest thou to escape my Resentment? No! Fly quick to the Traytor's House, secure him, and bring him instantly before me.* His Nobles, and Officers immediately went, but the Magician was fled. A hundred strong Horse-men were dispatched to overtake him, but in vain. The King finding Becolhan had escaped, his Rage augmented, and telling his unhappy Adventure to his Courriers, order'd the Queen to be called, who alone had disapprov'd of entertaining the Magician. But alas! she was not to be found, which was fresh Matter of Despair to the unfortunate Prince, and he gave way to it so much, that his Attendants were oblig'd to keep in Sight, for fear he should make himself away. The next Day, he order'd Becolhan's Statue to be pulled down, dragg'd about the Streets, and burnt to Ashes; and commanded also the whole Street where he had lived, to be demolished, and went himself to see it done. The Magician's House was the first they began with, but before they proceeded to the rest they heard a great Noise, and saw a black Cloud descend, and settle on the Ruins, which opening, they discover'd the most beautiful Creature that ever Eyes beheld. She address'd herself to the King, saying; *Behold my Features and remember them, though now much improv'd.* (The King and People immediately knew her to be the Queen of Gor, which struck them in a profound Silence and Amaze.) *I condescended,* continued she, *to become a Woman of this World to make thee happy, but thou wast unworthy the Embraces of a Perise: not satisfy'd with condemning my Counsels, thou hast hearkened to ill grounded Suspicions: Wherefore, though I have taken Revenge for thee of the infamous Impostor, thou shalt never see me more.* This said, she disappeared, with the Cloud, and they saw the Magician confin'd in a Cage of red hot Iron. King Fion passed the rest of his Days in Grief without a Nose, and without a Wife; and the Magician's Punishment lasted as long as the unhappy Prince lived. *Skeik-Alsem* added, that to this Day might be seen at Gor the Ruins of Becolhan's House.

• This Adventure said *Rouschen*, deserves to be Written in Golden Letters. How distinguishable is the opposite Character of the *Peries* and *Diws* in it! But, *Almoraddin*, did not your Author give a Description of the Queen of Gor's Victory afterwards over Becolhan's *Diws*? No Madam, answer'd he. I am sorry for it, reply'd she; for I must certainly have seen this admirable *Perise*: and the History I am going to tell you, will put you out of all Doubts of it.

The History of the Persian Lady, and her Voyage to the Topsy-Turvy Island

TRUE Friendship they say is very rare among Brothers, for my part, I believe it less frequent among Sisters. I had but one, and we two could never agree. The poor year she was older than I, made her take an air of superiority over me, that I could not bear. She was always haughty and ill-humour'd, but never more so than the night before she was Married. Tired with her insults I made her as provoking a Reply as I could, *Koutai*, said I to her, *Is it my Fault that Fate has not made us both in the same mould? All your Reproaches, tho' they may make me never so lean, will not add to your Form.* These words put her in such a Rage, that she run at me to tear my Eyes out, but I fled from her, and took shelter in a Garret over her Chamber. She made such a terrible noise as alarmed the whole House: Every body came to her Room to see what was the matter; she crying related the Quarrel to her Advantage, and protested to my Father and Mother, if she had not satisfaction, what disagreeable things she would do. They promis'd immediately to satisfy her in every thing, and asked her what Punishment she thought I deserved. I shall be at Ease, said she, and *Rouschen* will be sufficiently punish'd, if she be deny'd going to my Wedding. I heard what passed through a Crevice; every Body praised her Moderation: And an old Slave was sent to lock me up in the Garret.

Being now a close Prisoner, I did nothing but sob and cry. *Koutai's* Apprehensions, said I, are now over, since I shall not appear at her Nuptials. Her want of Beauty in my Absence, will be less taken notice of, to her great Joy and my Vexation. I pass'd good part of the Night in such Reflections, and then fell asleep. During my Slumber, I had an extraordinary Dream. Methought I saw beyond an immense space of Land and Sea, a very high blue Island, from the Top of which advanced a great number of Silver Clouds which ranged themselves into two Lines, forming between me and the Island the most glittering Alley imaginable, at the further end of which appeared another Cloud like Gold, whereon was plac'd a little Girl about the bigness of *Loulou*; this Cloud was turn'd into a Throne and mov'd towards me. As it advanc'd, the Silver Clouds on each side were transform'd into Guards richly dress'd, who saluted the little Girl with all the marks of Respect. But how was I surpris'd, when I saw this Person to grow older and older as she approach'd towards me, seeming to be a Woman of 50 Years old before she got half way, and when she came near me, appear'd to be a wrinkled stooping grey-hair'd Creature, She look'd on me very friendly

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friendly and said trembling: *My dear Rouschen, I know thy Grief; hope every thing from my Assistance, and when thou art in any Extremity, remember to repeat these Words: "Wise Lutfallah! Lady of the Green Palace! Wise Lutfallah! Wife of Millan-Schak! What's the Sword of Gian doing? Where is his Buckler?"* Which said, she disappear'd with all her Attendance.

I can't say whether I awoke upon it or not; but the Idea of my Imprisonment returning; I said, sighing, Oh! that I may find Relief in what the powerful *Lutfallah* has told me. Then repeating the Words, that Instant I found my self undress'd in a very fine Bed. I rubb'd my Eyes, felt about me and examin'd to satisfy my self that I slept not. Then I drew open the Curtains, and, extremely surpris'd, found my Garret chang'd to a spacious Chamber, adorn'd with rich Tapestry, and a vast Looking-Glass, with two Golden Pots of excellent Perfume, also a Toilet ready prepared, and near it a rich Suir of Cloaths. Happening as I lay, to cast my Eyes on the great Looking-glass, I perceiv'd what my Sister and her Company were doing; I was agreeably amused to behold all that pass'd at the Solemnity from which she excluded me; it is not needful to tell all I saw. The meagre Face and fierce Aspect of her Husband, who even that Day had the Air of a Tyrant, did not a little contribute to my Satisfaction.

At last I arose, designing to make use of *Lutfallah's* Presents, when a fine pair of Slippers of their own Accord offer'd themselves to my Feet, and the Cloaths advanced to their Office. I felt at the same time Some-body spare me the Labour of dressing my Head. I bore all done to me with Patience, resigning my self entirely to the Queen of the *Peries*. Every thing I had on, made an extraordinary Appearance. and I could not help viewing my self in the Toilet-glass; the other representing absent Objects. I walked about to admire this agreeable Prodigy, which was the more so, because the Colour of my Robe changed each Step I took. Then looking at the great Glass, I found the two Halls began to fill with the Guests, who came from the *Iman's* and *Cadi's* Houses, where the necessary Ceremonies had been performed; I did not much amuse my self with the Men, my Sister and her Friends engross'd my Attention. *Koutai* seem'd to be very hungry at Dinner, but the more eager she was to eat, the least haste she made to do it; all the Dishes she touch'd, disappear'd, and were set on a gilt Skin spread for me; at which the Bride and her Company were prodigiously astonish'd. I was extreme hungry, and scarce left any thing of the first Dishes that were set before me. Then they disappear'd, and I casting my Eye in the Looking-Glass, saw *Koutai* devouring the Remains. 'Twas a Satisfaction as great as eating itself, to see her who thought me unworthy of assisting at her Feast, raking up with my Refusals.

At Evening they went into the Baths, while excellent Voices sung, *Gay Aganis*, and other *Persian* Airs. This Ceremony over, they dispos'd themselves for Dancing. As I had always a strong Inclination to that Diversion, I could not refrain crying out, I can't sit still any longer. '*Wife Lutfallah! Lady of the green Palace! Wife Lutfallah, Wife of Millan-Schak! What's the Sword of Gian doing? Where is his Buckler?* I must dance.' So you shall Child, said the antient and powerful *Perise* then behind me; for it is my Desire you should appear in such very good Company; follow me. Methought, the Looking-glass which represented the Hall, was now become the Door. We went in, and *Lutfallah*, who was only visible to me, plac'd herself near my Sister. I saluted the Company and began to dance alone: The Justness of my Dance, and the Variety of my Cloaths astonish'd the whole Assembly, who applauded me with great Acclamations. *Koutai* was not able to look on my Glory; but without any regard to the Company, flew towards me with her Fists up, in the Air of a Fury. But *Lutfallah* prevented her reaching me, by touching her Chin with a Rod of Ebony; saying, *Fair Bride, meddle with No-body but thy self.* Instantly, a great black Beard was spread on *Koutai's* Face, which gave her other Employment than to think of me. Then *Lutfallah* convey'd me out, and ordering me to put my Arms round her, carry'd me with prodigious Swiftness, in a direct Line towards the Sun.

After we had ascended a considerable time; You may now, said she, repose your self, the Air is not so thick over our Heads as to make you fall. With an aking Heart I quitted my Hold, but what Pleasure did I not feel, when I found I could ascend and descend, go backwards or forwards, without any difficulty, as though my Body was become immaterial. I would have stay'd to make some Observations, as the Place was so commodious for taking them, but *Lutfallah* said, The Moon will presently revolve over us, and produce such a quantity of Air, that while the Sea is receiving its Flow, you may probably be stifled. Therefore take fast hold of me, and let us be gone. As we descended, the Earth appeared less obscure, but for some time nothing was seen, except the vast Plains of the Ocean. When we came within Observation of its different Parts, I perceived directly under us, in the midst of the Waters, the fine Island I had seen in my Dream, which is called by the *Perises*, the *Topsy-Turvy* Island. It appeared blue to me at a great Distance, but as I approached a Thousand various Colours crowded on my Sight. However, I did not fix my Eyes much on these new Objects, because my Attention was already taken up with admiring the Change that befell *Lutfallah*, whilst I had hold of her. Her Grey Hairs were now become of a light Chestnut-Colour, and the nearer we came to the Island, the smoother and more beauti-

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ful grew her Complection, and the lighter her Hair, till at last it was perfectly white. Her Body was considerably diminish'd, but encreased proportionably in Beauty. For when we came within a Mile of the Island, I found in my Arms no more than a Child of ten Years of Age, but never was any more charming and agreeable.

p. 24



We landed in the middle of an Island near a River, which partly surrounded a large Town. As we walked to it, I asked whether, as there was neither Bridge nor Boat, we were to cross it in the Air, and was going to lay hold of *Lutfallah* again. They pass this River, answered she, in a different manner than you think of, throwing her Rod into it. At that Instant, the Waters

ters forsook their Bottom, swelled up, and formed a transparent Portico above 200 Yards high. The Elevation of the Waters did not prevent their Running, and the Fishes they were full of, made by their continual Sallies and Dartings one after another, from each part of the Arch, the most agreeable Ornament of the Whole. The Flood having quitted its Course, discover'd a magnificent Porphir Stair-Case, above 100 Steps down, which from the Walls and the Great Gate at the Bottom were finely illuminated. As we descended, *Lutfallah* told me that the Illumination proceeded from a Vernish the young *Peri's* make of the Skins of certain Fishes and Glow-Worms infused three Weeks in the Essence of rotten Wood. When we came to the Gate, it opened, and we saw an over-grown Frog, as big as a Goat, which made a horrid croaking, and moved forwards on its hind Legs to present the Queen with the Rod she threw into the River. Then we walked some Turns in a vast large Hall, inlaid and shining with *Asira* Stones and glittering Flints, which some times fall down with Thunder-bolts; the Frog very humbly retir'd, and shutting the Door, set up a most hideous croaking, which was follow'd by a prodigious Noise of Drums and Trumpets. Then casting my Eyes round the Hall, I perceiv'd 24 Caverns artfully cut in the Wall, and as many Animals of an enormous Size and Figure, from whom proceeded the Noise of the Drums and Trumpets, with which they were alternately furnish'd. My Conductress told me they were the Mites of that Country, which upon Examination seem'd to resemble those I had formerly seen by the help of a Glass in ours. We pass'd through a long Gallery, where an infinite Number of *Acadias* or shining Flies diffus'd a pleasing Lustre from their Wings. Then we came to a Stair Case much like the former, which brought us to a great square Court pav'd with Green Marble, with fine Lodgings built of the same at each Corner, and a Fountain of above 30 Foot diameter, though cut out of one entire Emerald. Here were about 20 little old Women and as many old Men playing at Shittle-cock, and Cockall, and other Childish Diversions. But as soon as *Lutfallah* appear'd, they came jumping about her, calling her Grand-mama. The little Queen receiv'd them with so grave and serious an Air, that I could not but laugh to see old Age so frolicksome, and Youth, or rather Infancy so austere, and commanding Respect. *Lutfallah* perceived I was surpriz'd at what I saw; I told her, that I supposed these ridiculous Old Women and Men were nothing but Phantoms. That *Rouschen*, reply'd she, is the Effect of your Ignorance, for they are all really young as yourself; look in this, and you'll be convinc'd of it. Then giving me a Looking-Glass out of her Pocket, she left me. As soon as I open'd it, how great was my Consternation? I even now shudder with the Thought of what I saw in viewing my self: I was ready to sink

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when I beheld my Eyes hollow, my Lips pale and fallen, my Cheeks flabby, my Nose and Chin ready to meet, my Forehead full of Wrinkles, and my Hair as white as Snow. I ran hastily to see my self in the Fountain, hoping that in the Glass was an Illusion; but alas! the unwelcome Spectacle was confirm'd; which made me cry out so terribly, that all the little old People gather'd about me: my Grief was so great that Words are not able to express it; I became stupid and senseless, and lay a considerable time so, stretched on the Ground at the Edge of the Emerald Basin. At last, recovering my Speech, I burst into Tears and Complaints, crying out, Cruel *Lutfallah*: is this what I am to hope from thy Protection! Canst thou pretend to love me, and bring me here to oppress me with the most dreadful of Ills? Couldst thou give me worse Usage were I thy profess'd Enemy? Happy *Koutai*, how do I envy thy Beard, how much greater is my Misfortune than thine? The old Folks increased my Despair by their silly Conversation, and striving to make me drink of the Fountain. But they desisted on the approach of a young Man, who came from the other side of the Square: Tho' he mov'd with a grave and majestick Air, and had a sedate Countenance, he seem'd to be no more than fifteen Years of Age. He asked me in an affable manner, If I had not heard of the *Peri, Milan-Schak*? yes, said I, but very imperfectly. I am the very Person, reply'd he. Is it possible, answer'd I, much surpriz'd, that you can still look so young, considering how old you were when you defeated the Monster * *Ouranhad*? *Milan-Schak* shook his Head and smiled, then took me by the Hand in order to conduct me to his Apartment. We ascended a Jasper Stair-Case, passed through two fine Anti-Chambers, guarded by two well made Youths unarm'd, and came into a spacious and magnificent Chamber, richly hung with Green and Gold Tapestry. Then we went into a Cabinet adorn'd with Green and Gold Furniture, and enrich'd with fine Emeralds; in the middle of the Ceiling was a large Carbuncle as big as a Pine-Apple, which gave a vast Lustre:

The World reverts'd.

DEAR *Rouschen*, said *Milan-Schak* (when we were sat down) There is such a difference between your World and ours, that it's impossible to imagine a greater between Things essentially the same. Your largest Trees, are here but small Herbs; on the contrary, a little Plant with you, is in this Country the biggest of our Trees: The Fruits of the Earth have the same dif-

* A Blood-thirsty Monster, which *Aherman*, chief of the *Diys* made Use of for a Hang-man.

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ference. Our Corn is of the same Nature with yours, but surpasses it so much in Bigness, that 100 People cannot eat ten Grains of it in a Month. And as for our Animals, We have none so large as those you call Insects, nor so small as Elephants and Crocodiles. Your Flies are our greatest Birds, and Eagles here are scarce discernable: as for what is of moderate Size with you, is much the same here. You speak particular Languages the Fruit of Men's Invention; Ours is spoken universally, and as naturally as *seeing* and *hearing* are in all other Nations. The Knowledge of this Language is hid from all your learned Men, who have in vain study'd to find it out. It is only to be obtain'd by those that come to this Island, and unless they become a *Peri*, they lose it the Moment they depart. In your World No-body ever rose from the Dead but by a Miracle; here we naturally rise again every hundred Years to live again one Day. To Morrow you'll see an Instance of it. You are born with little tender Bodies, and die wrinkled and wither'd; it is quite otherwise with us, for we are wrinkled while young, and fair and plump, when advanced in Years. You, charming *Rouschen*, who imagine yourself now frightfully ugly, appear as beautiful to us as you did at *Schirás*; and whereas *Lutfallah* and I perhaps may seem handsome to you, as old People we cannot pretend to it. But nothing is more agreeable to us than the Wrinkles and Silver Locks which now adorn your Person. When we visit your Climate, we appear as if we had been Natives thereof; by the same Rule, you take the Form of us, as if you had been born here. Your seeming Deformity is a Sign of Youth here, and what Bloom I have is owing to my Age. The several Forms *Lutfallah* took when with you, might have prepar'd you to bear yours without Surprize. All that set Foot in this Kingdom, must undergo the Laws of it, or depart. You are deluded by Appearances, and give yourself up to needless Grief. The Queen over-heard your Reproaches, and was almost offended at them, but in her Affection, has sent me to comfort you; and I have left with her a young Man of your Countrey, who had invoked me. I have undertook to acquaint you, that if you are willing to be adopted a *Perise*, you shall be raised to the highest Dignity, and have the Power of transforming Bodies, and of performing the greatest Miracles, by the waving a Rod, and besides, of enjoying almost Eternal Life; if all this is capable of moving you, follow me to the Emerald Fountain, and the least Draught of the Water will reconcile you to all I have said; but if these Proposals are rejected, you'll be sent back to your World, and all future Correspondence with us will cease.

Generous *Milan-Schak*, reply'd I, you have screen'd me from the greatest Danger, in bringing me from that fatal Water; I am satisfy'd with my Condition, I cannot prevail on my self to forfeit my Reason, and my own lov'd Country: Therefore, I be-

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speech you, let it suffice that I admire yours. The *Peri* seem'd more surpriz'd than displeas'd at my Refusal, he shrunk up his Shoulders, and look'd earnestly at me, as if he pity'd me. During this silent Interval, six green *Cats* appear'd at the Cabinet Door, follow'd by *Lutfallah*, who was lighted along by their Eyes which shone like so many Flambeaus. She brought an old Man with her, and upon her Entrance pointing to him, said, *Ajoub* still persists in his Obstinacy. *Milan-Schak* reply'd, And *Rouschen* is as self-conceited. I threw my self at the Queen's Feet and begg'd Pardon for the unguarded Expressions I had let slip against her in the height of my Grief. *Ajoub* did the same to *Milan-Schak*, asking Forgiveness for his Blindness. The Queen said very mildly, Old Peoples Anger against young, is of no long Continuance; and since as you have resolved we must part, rise up, and employ the little time you have to stay in my Empire; in observing well its Laws. I rejoyc'd at the News of my Liberty; we immediately rose, when word was brought that Supper was on the Table.

The Six Cat-Flambeaux going before us, we came into a large Hall, wainscotted with green Ebony, and adorned with Birds, and Festoons in Relievo, and illuminatsd with the flaming Eyes of twenty-four green Cats, and as many green Lyons, placed on Stands at equal Distance that they shone like the Sun in his Meridian. There were two Tables; at the uppermost, placed themselves the Lady of the green Palace, *Milan-Schak*, four Queens, and their Husbands, with the *Genii* of the most distinguish'd Families, who were magnificently served with Perfumes, which is the ordinary Nourishment of the *Peries* born in the *Topsy-Turvy* Island. *Ajoub* and I with several Guests, Proselytes from our World, and *Peries* by Adoption, filled the other Table. Our first Course consisted of large Fricassees of Pheasants, each Dish containing five or six hundred; the second of Ortolans as big as Geese, garnished with Boars, and Staggs spitted on Scewers, as Europeans do Larks. The third presented us with two Ants Tongues each in a Dish, two Pasties made of the Thigh of the same Animal, of an excellent Taste, and several Plates of Artichokes and Melons, which were no bigger than our green Peas. For the Desert we had two Strawberries, one Gooseberry, and at each end of the Table a large Bowl of Squirrels Cream. But I could not tell what to make of them, till the Princess *Indgi-Mergian* next Day informed me. After Supper, my Country-man and I were separately lighted to our Chambers by two Cats; a *Pabine* who conducted me, undress'd me, and retir'd as soon as I was in Bed.

My Cat, by shutting her Eyes, having extinguish'd the Light, my Thoughts were taken up on my past Adventures; but all the surprizing Things I had seen could not get out of my Mind a strong

strong Impression which had seized me in Favour of *Ajoub*. I was such a Novice in Love that I never had an Inclination, but now finding my Heart give way to it, I burst into a Flood of Tears. What can be the meaning, said I, of my thinking of that little old Fellow, whom before to Day, I never saw : What made me fear that *Lutfallah* would make a Profelyte of him. I feel no longer an Indifference; and if what his Sight has inspired me with can't be properly call'd Love, it must be something near it. Oh ! my Heart has betray'd me ! and is flown away without my Consent. After all, continued I, since his Figure is not more frightful than my own, what Crime shall I incur in loving him ? Nay, rather, why should not the Similitude of our Fates be a Motive to unite us ! I even fancy he thinks as favourable of me as I do of him. But that is a Point which requires the greatest Management to discover ; for how shall I be able, unless we were more intimate, to penetrate his Thoughts without discovering my own ? At last these disquieting Imaginations were overwhelmed in Sleep. As soon as Day appear'd, the Pabine wak'd me, and I was no sooner dress'd, but *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak* enter'd my Chamber, with the Princess *Indgi-Mergian* their eldest Daughter, whom they presented me to. The Queen and her Spouse asked me smiling, how I had pass'd the Night ? I answered with the utmost Respect, that I had slept very quietly. The Question we ask, reply'd the Queen, implies the whole Night, but you only inform us as to part of it. I was surpriz'd at this Hint, and perceiv'd that I had been over-heard. Our Penetration said *Milan-Schak* confuses her. Come *Rauschen*, added he, do not hesitate any longer, but embrace the Laws of the wonderful *Topsy-Turvy* Island. When he had said this, without waiting for my Answer, he took out of his Attendants Hands something like a Beet Root, and holding it by the Leaves, he gave me a Bodkin and commanded me to thrust it into a Place marked with a Black Spot. I obey'd, and that Moment I heard a terrible Shriek, and saw my Companion in Fate, standing before me, his Face all bloody and the Bodkin still remaining in his Forehead. Oh dearest *Ajoub*, cry'd I, embracing him ; Dearest *Ajoub*, whom my Soul loves more than Life, what have I done ? How unhappy am I ! Was there no other Hand to accomplish *Milan-Schak's* Will and Pleasure. O *Peri* ! How could you make Choice of me to spill the Blood of one, for whose safety, I would sacrifice my own ? *Ajoub*, though wounded, looked on me without much Concern, and seem'd rather to smile. *Lutfallah*, *Milan-Schak*, and the Princess fell a laughing in good Earnest, and said merrily ; *She has now made the Declaration in Form ! Has not She observ'd all the Rules ?*

There appears to be some Sincerity in it, said *Ajoub* ; but we must not depend too much on the first Transports of Women, whose Na-

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tures are changeable. If I were fully satisfy'd of *Rouschen's* Love, I would not refuse — But I shall testify too much for the first Time. As I was preparing to thank him for his favourable Construction of my tender Expressions, of my Concern for the Hurt I had done him; *Milan-Schak* who had held him by the Hair, now took away his Hand, and drew the Bodkin out of his Fore-head, without leaving the least Scratch. *Lutfa'lah* ask'd me very seriously, what was the present Disposition of my Heart towards him whose Misfortune had evidently exacted so much Compassion from me? You know, Great Queen, answer'd I, that I love him. Now Child, you say true, reply'd She. Yesterday, your uncertain Behaviour was contrary to the Laws of my Kingdom, where Women make the first Advances. I should deem it a very laudable one, cry'd I, Did the amiable *Ajoub* think my Affiduities worthy of his Regard. *Ajoub's* Conduct as well as yours, in this is agreeable to our Laws, which now you have both fulfilled. But since ye had rather live subject to those of your own Country, it is my Will that this Instant ye resume your former Shapes. Let the Influences which reign here, said she, touching us with a Rod, cease to affect you. Then without giving us time to thank her, she retir'd with her Attendants, leaving with us, only a *Pabin* and *Pabine* at each side of the Door.

Here the beautiful *Rouschen* broke short, and ask'd us if we were not curious to know what these *Pabins* were. I had a desire to know what the *Pabine* was that undress'd you, said *Almoraddin*, but was loth to interrupt the Thread of your Story by impertinent Questions. These Animals, resumed *Rouschen*, serve the *Peries* in cultivating the Lands of the *Topsy-Turvy* Island, for which Purpose they are distributed into Cantons. They want nothing but a rational Soul to make them Men and Women, resembling them in every thing else. And they have not only this Advantage over all other Animals, but they likewise speak the universal Language like the *Peries* themselves, the rest having only their particular ones. In short, the whole Discourse of the *Pabins* runs upon eating, drinking, working, and such Subjects, consisting only in simple Propositions. They are strong, active, tractable, and laborious; all other Beasts respect and serve them, except Monkeys, and Fleas. The first being in perpetual Contention with them for Superiority, and the latter being great wild Creatures of this Country, very greedy of the Flesh of those almost Humane Creatures. Every Village has a Store-house, which it is the *Pabins* Business to supply daily with fresh Provisions of Amber greece of *Benjamin*, and Incense of *Aloes* Wood. When these Places are full, it is convey'd invisibly to the City and Habitations of the *Peries*. The *Pabins* seldom divert themselves, but at the Expence of other Animals, whom

whom they delight to set together by the Ears. They sport themselves above all with the Wood-lice, when roll'd up like Balls, they bowl them against one another. For their jostling causes such a hideous Noise, that one would imagine them to be broke in a thousand Pieces; but it is no more than a Play-game.

After this Digression, the *Persian-Lady* would have continued her History, had not the Fear of fatiguing her too much oblig'd us to entreat her to defer it till next Day. When we returned to our Lodgings, we were divided in our Opinions of the Account we had heard. *Almoraddin* was disposed to be incredulous; for my Part, I was not far from giving Credit to all she had said. However, our Sentiments agreed in doubting our Judgments, and in feeling an equal Curiosity to hear the remainder of it. In this Disposition we repair'd to *Rouschen's* next Day, who, after the usual Compliments, gratify'd our Impatience in the following Manner.

As soon as the Queen and *Milan-Schak* left us, we ran to the Looking-Glass, where we enjoy'd the Pleasure of beholding our selves once more in our proper Forms; and felt at the same time, our Inclinations return to their natural Channel. The Tables were turn'd upon us; I now only thought *Ajoub* agreeable. He esteem'd me infinitely charming. Madam, said he with the utmost Respect, How dare I, without extreme Confusion, presume to appear before you, knowing what has passed between us. Would to God, reply'd I, we had lost our Memory with all the Gifts of this Island, or that I had, like you, nothing to reproach my self with for want of Reserve.

In the Name of our common Country, interrupted *Ajoub*, let us live now as though We remembred nothing. I have so high an Idea of your Generosity and Goodness, as to think you'll restore me that in Justice, which I'm in danger of losing, by your being deprived of that Influence which first caused you to love me. Equity, said I, recompences only Merit, and Merit is not the Work of one Day. Inform me pray, who you are, and what brought you hither. I know no more of you at present than your Name, and Country. I then desir'd him to sit down by me, and give me an Account of his Adventures, and he began, as follows, The History of *Ajoub* of *Schiras*.

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF

ABDALLAH *Son of* HANIF,

WHO WAS

Sent by the SULTAN of the INDIES
to discover the Fountain of BORICO,
which Restores past YOUTH.

Intermix'd with several Curious and Instructive
HISTORIES.

PART II. CONTAINING

- I. The History of *Ajoub of Schiras*.
- II. The Continuation of the History of the *Persian Lady*, and of her Adventures in the *Topsy-Turvy Island*.
- III. The Resurrection of Queen *Feramak*, and *Gian* her Husband.
- IV. The Sequel of the History of *Ajoub of Schiras*, and his Marriage with the *Persian Lady*.
- V. The little Girl *Loulou's* second pleasant Story.
- VI. *Abdallah's* and *Almoraddin's* Remarks on the *Persian Lady's* Travels, with the Progress of their Adventures.
- VII. The surprizing and delightful History of Prince *Tangut*, and the Princess with a Nose a Foot long.
- VIII. *Loulou's* third Story.

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Country. 1729.

THE ADVENTURES OF ABDALAH SON OF HANIK

WHO WAS
Sent by the SULTAN of the INDIAS



Which he has related in his own words, and which has been translated into English by Mr. J. G. ...

Adapted to the present manner of printing, and corrected by the Author.

LONDON:
Printed and Sold by R. DODD in Great Britain, and by J. ...
in the ...
1759.

THE

Adventures of *Abdalla, &c.*

PART II

The History of Ajoub of Schiras.

IA M, said *Ajoub*, Son to the Physician of that Name. One summer Evening, I left my Father's House, and went from Street to Street to take the Refreshment of the Air, playing on an Instrument, which you know, dear *Rouschen*, is a Custom with the Youth of *Schiras* in the hot Season. Passing by a spacious House I perceived the Door open, and heard a Voice, saying, *Is it you?* I made answer, *Tes; 'tis I*; promising myself some good Fortune from it. *Pray, come up then*, said the Voice. Not considering the Consequence, I ventur'd to follow it, and was led thro' a Hall-door that was half open. No sooner was I enter'd but three young Men surrounded me with their drawn Sabres, and said, *Expect this Instant, to wash with thy Blood, the stain cast on our Family by thy deluding our Sister*. Seeing myself so suddenly and powerfully attacked, I thought it more prudence to expostulate with them, than by putting myself in a Posture of Defence farther to provoke their Rage. My Lords, said I, do nothing with Precipitation, lest an Innocent, un luckily found in the Place of the Guilty, fall an unsatisfying Victim to your Revenge. These words appeasing their Fury, one of them reply'd hastily, Who art thou then, that pretendest to such Innocence? I told them my Name and Place of abode, and who were my Relations. Upon which an old Gentleman came forth from a little Closet, leading a beautiful young Creature richly dress'd, whose Eyes were fixed on the Ground, and let fall abundance of Tears. *Gauher*, said he to her, is this the vile Wretch who has unlawfully feasted on thy Charms, and stole away thy Honour? At this Question she looked as red as the Rose newly blown, and taking a view of me, answer'd, I was not the Person. The old Gentleman, satisfy'd of the mistake, made many apologies to excuse himself, and was going to conduct me out again, when

one of the young Men posted himself Sword in Hand between me and the Door, and swore, I should not escape with so material a secret of their Family. The other two said the same, and urged the necessity of my immediate Dispatch. Dear Children! cry'd the Good old Gentleman, let not a blind Passion too much possess you. It would be the highest Injustice to take Revenge on the Innocent; we must expect every Drop of his Blood will cry to Heaven for Vengeance, which will certainly sooner or later fall down upon us. *Ajoub*, (continued he, taking me by the Hand) make the best of your way; but as you value the Life now given you, never let your Tongue betray what this Adventure has discover'd to you. You may easily imagine with what Joy I accepted of my Deliverance, and how little while I stay'd in the House after it was granted. I was full as eager to get home; but just as I came to the Door, an Arrow whizz'd by my Ear, and made me jump. I turn'd short and perceiv'd I was pursu'd by a Man with a Bow in his left Hand and a long Javelin in his right, who cry'd out, *Traytor, tho' I have mist thee once, have at thee a second time.* Seeing him alone, I took Courage, and drew in my own defence. I happily parry'd his first offer, and closing within his Javelin gave him two Wounds in the Breast, upon which he dropt down and begged his Life. I was not only generous enough to grant it, but telling me he was Son to the Bashaw of *Schiras*, I likewise ran to a Surgeon and sent him to his Assistance. Then I went to my Father's, but stay'd no longer than to provide my self with a Horse and some Money; which done, without taking leave of any body I left the City, having every thing to fear from the Fury of the Governour, who doubtless would have requir'd my Life, for the Indiscretion of his Son.

I travelled without observing any direct Road till Midnight, when, I found my self by the great Lake of *Babu*, which was as calm and still as the night. I rode musing by the side of it till at last I reached the Town called by its Name, I knocked at the first Door I came to, but no body answered, except a great Mastiff Dog that was loose in the Yard, and he made such a terrible noise as set all the rest of the Dogs on barking, till the Place ring'd with the Dismal Echoes; but the Inhabitants of *Babu* were in so sound a sleep, that tho' I knocked at several other Doors, I could not get Admittance. I continued my Journey, but being overwhelmed with fatigue, and wanting Repose, I quitted the high Road, designing to look out a Place suitable to indulge it in. I took a Path which divided two small Mountains, and led me to a Wood; I went into it and laid me down at the foot of a large Palm-tree. There I slept till the Sun visit'd the Earth with his Glittering Rays, when awaking I was surprized to hear near me the voice of a Man speaking in the following Terms.

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This is the precious Hour, Child; the chosen time of the *Peries*. Now the good *Gemii* gather the powerful Herbs to transform irregular Men into wild beasts; now it is all Things in Nature obey their Orders, and feel the Efficacy of their mysterious Words. The rising Sun admires them, because they overthrow all the vain Projects of the *Magicians*. In short, now it is the *Peries* appear in various forms to good and bad Princes. Oh! Child! if thou could'st discern as well as I, then mightest thou behold some employ'd in subduing *Lions* and *Tigers*, others in taming *Hydras* and *Griffins*, in defence of the Innocent and oppressed.

I had not patience to hear this strange Discourse without desiring to see the Person that made it. So Advancing softly from one Tree to another, I came to a very thick Grove of Laurels, under the shelter of which I had the Advantage to discover unperceived a grave old Man in a long brown Robe, and a young Maid cover'd all but her Hands and Face in a blue Veil, sitting near him and listening to him with great Attention. In hopes of finding some Refreshment, I shew'd my self, which interrupted their Conversation. The Maid drew her Veil over her Face, and the Man rose and met me. I address'd my self to him and said, A Traveller distress'd with hunger and weariness entreats your Assistance. By *Ali*, answer'd he, you're very welcome; the *Sages* are never un hospitable. The Charity I'll shew you, will be a new Instruction to my Daughter. Go into that Retreat of mine and we'll come to you in an Hour. A little Path he shew'd me conducted me after several Turnings into a Grotto, the Entrance of which was very narrow and obscure, but within it was light enough, extremely neat, and consisted of several Apartments. A slave to whom I declared my Distress and his Master's charitable Orders, set before me Raisins, Pistachoes, Dates, excellent white Bread and Metheglin. Whilst I was thus comfortably employ'd, I desired him to go to look my Horse, describing the Place where I had left him. If you expect I should obey you, said the Slave, you must engage to go no farther than the Apartment you are now in till I or my Master return. I readily promised to do so; but after I had eat and drank, I was seiz'd with such an irresistible Curiosity to examine so particular a Dwelling, that in short I left no Part unsearch'd. In the most remote Cavity of the Grotto, was a Cabinet of Books, *Talismans*, and Figures of all sorts of Animals and Plants. I pleas'd my self here more than in any other Apartment, and seeing on the Table a Parchment unroll'd, with a writing on it in green Letters, I took it up, and inconsiderately read these words: *Peri Milan-Schak! Lieutenant of the green Palace! Peri Milan-Schak! Husband of Lussallan. What's the sword of Gian doing? where is his Buckler?* The Moment I had

pronounced the last Syllable of this Invocation, *Milan-Schak* appear'd and carry'd me away without speaking a Word. You are sensible without doubt, Beautiful *Renschen*, that it was he who brought me to this Island.

The Continuation of the History of the Persian Lady.

A JOUB having kindly given me the true History of his leaving *Selinas*, I thought my self obliged to tell him also what had befallen me. After this he gave me an Account, that he had been one of my Admirers a long time, and added that, as our Condition were near equal, he was not without hopes of being happy with me by the Consent of our Parents. I heard him without offence, and the Conversation lasted till Dinner, which was as before; after, in the Princess *Judgi-Mergian* led us into the Garden. She was the most beautiful of the *Peries*: Her Hair was the finest black in the World; her Eyes full of Vivacity, her Complexion exceeded the Lillies and Roses, with all this she had an Air of Majesty accompanied with an admirable Grace in her Conversation. As we walked along the Parterre she ask'd us if we knew the Names of the Flowers. We told her we admired the Beauty of them, and that we were Strangers to all but those of a middling Size. Then the obliging Princess named them to us one by one; but how were we surpris'd to see a Violet as big as a Sun-flower, and Lillies on Stems no bigger than Pins! The agreeable Daughter of *Lutfallah* did not stop here, but told us several things relating to the Religion of the *Peries*, and the Holy War they have for many Ages past maintained against the *Divs*, with many other particulars of the Island.

Beyond the Parterre was a large Square of Water, in the middle of which stood a fine Pleasure House; Built in the form of a Castle. We desired the Princess to Favour us with the Sight of it. She was so complaisant to comply with our Request, and calling out pretty loud *Ho! Mor! Ho! Mor*; an old Violet-coloured Water-Bat as big as a Bear, with a great Beard, immediately unchain'd a Boat from the Foot of the Pleasure-house, and brought it to us. We passed the Water in it, and landing, entered the little but perfectly Enchanting Recess. We looked all about, when to our great Surprize we missed *Judgi-Mergian*, who the Moment before was with us. I blush'd and was much confus'd to find myself alone with *Ajoub*. I Make appear now, said I to him, the sincerity of your Affection, by a respectful Behaviour; for to a Heart like mine nothing is so engaging as Modesty. He gaz'd upon me with such an Earnestness, as tho'

he had wanted the Power of Utterance ; his Lips and Hands mov'd, as in Answer to me ; but far from understanding him I could not so much as hear the sound of his Voice. I looked on him in my turn, with equal Astonishment. *Ajoub*, reply'd I, your Silence kills me ; What do you mean by all these Signs and Gestures of your Head and Hands, and the Motion of your Lips, while you say nothing ? why don't you Speak out ? All this Time hearing nothing he said, I fancied myself the Subject of his Derision, and he thought the same by me : For at last we frowned upon one another with the greatest Disdain. At that instant *Indgi Mergian* re-appeared, laughing immoderately. You injure one another, said she to us, by a mistaken Resentment. There is a peculiar Virtue in this Summer House that hinders all Conversation betwixt Lovers ; and this was so ordered by the Queen, lest, as the young *Peries* often resort hither, a mutual Declaration in so ravishing a Place might be a means to corrupt them. So that it happens that the moment there is a Sympathy between Hearts the Ears are rendered incapable of their Office. But since your Grimaces and Disgusts have afforded me so much unexpected Pleasure, I'll give you the Liberty to ask me any Question you shall be pleas'd to propose.

Having seated our selves on a little Sofa below hers, we were Silent a little to recover the Confusion we were in ; then I deliver'd myself as follows : Powerful Princess, I humbly desire to know, why our Sex governs in this Island ? *Lutfallah*, I perceive, is acknowledged Queen, yet *Milan Schak* has not the Character of King ; and the other *Perises* have also a Superiority over their Husbands, which to me is matter of much Wonder. May I, with submission, farther ask, if this Custom is introduced to reward the assiduities of the *Perises* whilst in a Virgin State ? As in our World young Men pay their Mistresses the greatest Deference and Complaisance before Marriage, but after that Ceremony is over their former Obsequiousness is turn'd into Authority. Our Laws, answer'd the Princess, are much preferable to yours, and are founded on three Reasons : First, the *Perises* have far more understanding than the *Peries*, and are as much Superior to them as they are to common Men, or Men to the *Pabins*. Secondly, they have also more Strength, which alone is the Cause that they are Masters in your World. The Third Reason is Mysterious ; only observe, that Fertility is the source of all things, and can't be too much honour'd.

Then *Ajoub* took up the Conversation and said : Since there is no Probability of our staying long in this City, I believe *Kouschen* will not be displeas'd, charming Princess, if I intreat you to give us some Idea of it ; for as yet I know not its Name. This City, reply'd she, is call'd *Gianire*. After the Death of *Gian*, Sovereign of all the *Genii*, a War was renewed between the

Peries

Peries and *Dios*, which caused such Disorders throughout all *Ginnistan*, as made *Gian* only Son of that good King, abandon it with his Family, and four others of the chief of the *Peries*. This Design succeeded very happily, for by the succour of *Feramak*, the Vigilance of the *Dios* was render'd of no Effect, and she also conducted her triumphant Band into the Island. The City was built in a very short Time, and called by *Feramak*, *Gianire*, from her Husband's Name. For the better Government of her new Colony she shar'd her Authority with the four Mothers of the Families that came with her, and ever since *Gianire* has been Governed by five Queens; who distinguished themselves and their Subjects, by five Colours; which are Green, Blue, Yellow, Red and White; The City consists of five broad Streets, one End of each coming into the Market place, the other leading to one of the Queen's Palaces, which are built of Marble, of the same Colour they are distinguish'd by; the ordinary Houses take theirs according to those they depend on, and are inhabited by *Peries* of the second Class. To-morrow I will shew you the great Market Place and the Academy, which is the finest Piece of building in the Island. However the Sight of so Magnificent an Edifice may raise your Admiration, the Resurrection of *Gian* and *Feramak* my Ancestors, will undoubtedly astonish you much more.

When *Indgi-Mergian* had done, she rose up, and we crossed the Water again together. Then we walked a considerable while in a Wood of lofty Strawberry Trees, which could hardly support the weight of that delicious Fruit. They wasted so fragrant an Air, that the richest hymeneal Perfumes can't be compar'd to it. The next Morning by Day break the whole Town was raised from their Beds by a most harmonious symphony which was heard in the Air over the Academy, whither People begun to repair from all Parts. Being very desirous to be a Spectator, I went down into the Court Yard of the Palace, where I saw two Wood-liee each above thirty foot long, and large in Proportion, very richly harnessed and carrying on their Backs commodious and magnificent Lodgings, consisting of a Chamber and two Cabinets. The one, which on the fore part, was about twelve foot square, and the others, one of which serv'd as an Antichamber, were about seven foot long and six broad. These Apartments were hung with green Velvet and the rest of the Furniture answerable to it, in which the nicety of the Judgment of these *Peries* was as much to be admired as the Richness of the Lodges of *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak*. I can't forbear to acquaint you here that no carriage whatever is comparable to these for safety and convenience; a Wood-louse being of a surprizing tractable Nature, and always attentive to the Directions of his Conductor, who sits on the Neck of this Animal. He goes as fast as they please, with-

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without abating any thing of the Easiness of his Pace. If by chance he is lame in one of his Feet it is not perceivable because he has thirteen more to travel with. His shells are finely spotted and shine like the *Indian Tortoises*; and their two Horns as Trunks be to Elephants, are of great use to them.

Lutfallah placed me by her, and *Ajoub* went with *Milan-Schak*. We passed through a very long Street, crossed by five more at equal Distances. All the Houses were of green Marble, with such a symmetry, as did not disturb the sight by too near a Resemblance. At last we came to a very spacious Circle, in the middle of which was a round building that has not it's fellow in the World; being what the Princess told us of; it serves the *P.ries* both for an Academy and a Temple, and is cover'd with a Golden *Cupilo* whose Lustre was nothing lessen'd by that of the Sun then rising. Five *Portico's* of Agate of different Colours, adorn'd with twelve lofty Columns of curious Workmanship, offered as many Entrances into this magnificent Temple, facing the five principal Streets of the City. The *Portico* we enter'd was of green Agate spotted with white, in the front of which were wrote in Golden Letters, the illustrious Names of *Feramak* and *Gian*. We ascended nine steps of serpentine Marble into a Theatre divided into five Parts; the seats of each being filled with *Peries* and *Perises* all dress'd in the same Colour with their Queen under whose Throne they were ranged.

The Resurrection of Queen *Feramak* and *Gian* her Husband.

IN the midst of the Theatre lay two Vessels of Chrystal in the Figure of Eggs, which contain'd a dead body of each Sex. When we enter'd, the four Queens and their Husbands were sitting on the Ground about these Vessels, contemplating over them with the most profound Attention, *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak* joined them. *Ajoub* and I were conducted up to the Top of the Theatre and placed near the green Throne. An awful silence reigned thro' the whole Assembly. After a quarter of an Hour *Feramak* and *Gian* who were enclosed in the Vessels, begun to shew tokens of Life. The transparent Eggs clove asunder, and were converted into green Cloths to cover them. Their bodies being risen grew to the bigness they were of in the Flower of their Age. They rose up by degrees into the Air surrounded by the *Peries* and *Perises*, to the height of their Thrones, where stopping a Moment, and looking about as it were to examine the Company, they sunk down directly towards the middle where I was, and placed themselves together in the green Throne. Nothing

thing but Death could have terrify'd me more than did the approach of these People just come from the other World. The Queens and their Husbands who rose up with them in the Air, after saluting them went to fill the Thrones over the Bands of their Colour, but *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak* sat at the Feet of *Feramak* and *Gian*; who ever since their rising maintained the most grave and serious Deportment, as if taken up with meditations of the greatest Consequence. *Feramak* had a very fair Complexion, *Gian* a swarthy one; his Eyes were quick, his beard and hair black, and his Countenance severe and courageous. The former made the following Discourse in a distinct easy delivery and with an elevated Voice

The purify'd shades which have visited us in our peaceful mansions, since our last Expiration, have constantly apprised us of such Passages and Transactions, as wou'd have hasten'd our return much sooner had it been in our Power. It grieves me, my dear Children, that the Glory of our Nation is degenerating, and that the detestable *Diys* are becoming conspicuous on our Decay. Whence proceeds this supine Neglect of our Glory? certainly from a want of Reflecting on the end of our raised and distinguished Condition? We trifle our time away about nothing; such I esteem all Prodigies done without an absolute necessity or any appearance of Benefit. Can you conceive the highest Glory of our State consists in building and adorning Palaces, with fine Furniture, dressing in magnificent Habits, giving a false gloss of Beauty to Persons of opposite Natures to us; hoarding up Pearls and Diamonds, inspiring Men with the Knowledge of the various Languages of Birds and other Animals; aiding some insignificant Lover, and changing bodies from one shape to another. All these Wonders in our Power are not valuable in themselves; they are only to be used as a means of arriving at greater Perfection. If we propose no more than the Performance of them, we pervert the most sublime Gifts, betray our Virtue, render ourselves useless, and resign our Right of Empire to Enemies unworthy of it.

How can such vain applauses sooth us, when impending ills hang over our Heads! Ought we alas! to purchase a fading applause at so dear a Rate? Where are the Actions, not to mention those of my own Time, which render'd my Grand niece *Lutfallah* and her Spouse so famous in their first Exploits? Such as not only contributed to the Glory of the *Sams-Nerimans*, the *Zals-Zers*, the *Rostams*, the *Kaicobads*, the *Asfendiars*, and a number of other Heroes, but made Virtue also Triumphant. Then we beheld nothing but grand Enterprizes, Queens deliver'd from Ravishers, Magicians vanquish'd, Giants trampled under foot, Monsters defeated, Tyrants spoiled and put to Death, and the strongest Enchantments of Vice happily dissolved. Then the *Diys*

and

and their Disciples durst not presume to appear, for fear of receiving the just Punishment of their Crimes. But now alas, the happy Time's no more ! The World seems to be fill'd with *Gemii* only to do Childish Actions. In uttering these last Words *Feramak* let fall some Tears, at which the whole Assembly was greatly moved.

Your Sighs, continued she, make it seem that I have a little too much exaggerated your Faults ; but I hope my Reproaches will be so far of Service, to put you on your Guard for the future. But as our Time is but short among you, let the Youth of the second Class begin their Exercises.

That moment the *Peries* and *Perises*, Subjects of *Lutfallah*, repair'd to the Area and began the Exercise of the Elements. First, the Chaos was represented ; then they divided the matter in two Parts, and after that into four. Each produced its proper Effects ; as the *Fire*, Lightenings, Thunderbolts, Meteors and *Ignis Fatuus's* : The *Air*, Winds, Thunders and Star-fallings : The *Water*, Tempests, Inundations and Monsters : And the *Earth*, Mountains, Abysses and Earthquakes. All these were shewn in Miniature, and gave a sufficient Proof of the Green Bands Performance according to the nicest Rules of Proportion.

The Yellow and Blue *Peries* join'd together, to imitate Rural Diversions. Their first Representation was a surprizing Prospect of Rocks, Rivers and Cascades, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses attending their Flocks in the Meadows ; and others at their pleasant Games, Danceings, and other Diversions.

The Red and White *Peries* exercised next together : They built Cities, Castles, Palaces ; made Furniture, Jewels, Cloaths, Fountains, Singing Birds ; Sultans with their Courts ; Princesses and their Attendants ; also Mosques, Temples with their Doctors, Vizirs and Cadi's.

They were all so perfect in their parts that every thing was done at a motion of the Rod. *Feramak* and *Gian* publickly applauded their Dexterity, at which the Companies being transported, united to treat the Assembly. In a monent the whole Edifice was filled with the most exquisite and nourishing Perfumes. When the Entertainment was over, the Queens and their Spouses form'd a Circle in the middle of the Theatre. The two risen from the Dead, descended softly till they were in the Centre, where *Gian*, who had been silent till then, said thrice with a loud Voice, *Let the Sword of Gian glitter, and his Buckler wound Isriet*. After this mysterious Proclamation *Feramak* and *Gian* insensibly diminished and became Eggs again. Then they rose together as high as the Thrones, and hurry'd thro' the Air out at the blue Portico, drawing after them the whole Assembly. I was carry'd away as well as the rest, over the Houses of the City, and after a flight of about eighteen Miles we came to a Mountain of

black Marble, which had a large opening in the middle. The two Eggs enter'd, and we followed them down an easy Descent till we came into a vast arched Palace, where were above two thousand Eggs exactly resembling the others. As my Eyes were attentively fixt on them to see where they placed themselves, a Drop of cold Water fell on my Face from the Arch; it was so cold to deprive me of all my Senses. What form I took, I know not, but in this am positive, that I found myself laid in a Bed at my Father's House in *Schiras*, all over in a Sweat and almost famish'd with Hunger.

I call'd for somewhat to Eat; which they gave me with such moderation, as led me to understand they believed me under some Indisposition. My Father, Sister and Physician, told me I had been three Days without any Motion or almost any Sense. I said it was certainly some Phantom in my Shape, and related to them my Adventures at length. The sighs of my Father, my Sister's Nods, and the smiles of the Physician, convinc'd me they gave but little Credit to what had befallen me. My Sisters Beard perhaps might have gain'd their belief, had she still been plagued with it. I call'd in vain for my changeable habit, and invoked *Lutfallah* in vain. I hope, said I, you will not deny but that the Son of our *Bashaw* was dangerously wounded by Young *Ajoub*. Still they were incredulous, and I was obliged to bear the Derision of the whole Town. Wherefore as soon as I was recover'd I went with my Father's leave to live with an Aunt I had at *Ormus*. There *Ajoub* paid me a Visit; I could scarce recollect that I had seen him at his first accosting me; but he answered the Questions I ask'd him so particularly, that I no longer doubted it was he. Upon which I entreated him to tell me how he left the *Topsy Turvy* Island.

The Sequel of the History of A J O U B.

MADAM, said he, your Departure and mine doubtless proceeded from the same Cause. A drop of Water falling on me from the top of the Vault benumbed all my Limbs. When my Senses return'd I found myself stretch'd on a Bed of dry leaves, at the bottom of a Grotto. I perceiv'd it to be the same where I had been ordered to go, by the *Sage*, but it was so much like a Desert that it looked as if no body ever dwelt there. The only mark of it was a Paper I found, in which were these Words.

Ajoub! your temerity which deserved exemplary Punishment, has perhaps procur'd your future Happiness, unless a fatal untowardness bring you here again. But a Sage is so far from pursuing Revenge, that he kindly informs you that the Person you wounded at Schiras is become one of your best Friends.

This

This afforded me a great Pleasure. I went out of the Grotto, and contrary to my Expectation found my Horse ty'd to a Tree. I mounted, and rode directly to *Schiras*, I went to the House of an Acquaintance, and wrote a line to the *Bashaw's* Son, who immediately sent to desire my Company. When I was by his Bed's side, he said pleasantly to me: *I have taken care that this accident has not come to my Father's Knowledge. Tho' my wounds are large, they are not mortal, so that neither of us have any thing to fear.* I begg'd he would tell me how I had inflamed his Anger. The Motive, replied he, was Jealousy, and it would have proved fatal, had not your Generosity disdain'd to take the Advantage your superiour Skill had gain'd over me. Seeing you come out of my Charmer's Doors, I concluded you had robbed me of the only Treasure I had in the World, by enjoying the lovely *Gauher* in my stead; that being the happy Night of my Assignment with her. Revenge and Despair torturing me by turns I pursued and attacked you; with what success you know. My *Innocence*, reply'd I, *deserved Fortune's Favour at that Time.* I allow it, *resum'd* he; for yesterday I was informed by one of *Gauher's* Slaves of your dangerous Adventure, and of my last Letter being intercepted by her Brothers, for both which I was much concern'd; but most terribly shock'd, when the Slave added, that she was to fall a Victim to my Love, that Evening. I wrote immediately to her Father, that my Conversation with his Daughter had only an honourable View, and that nothing in the World could make me so happy as his Consent. This succeeded as I wish'd. And now *Ajoub*, continued he, let this lay the foundation of an inviolable Friendship between us, for the future; and do you shew me the first Instance of it, by going in my Name to confirm the Promise I have given. I quitted my self of this agreeable Commission with a great deal of Joy, and they who thought their revenge gratify'd, some Days before, by having me in their power, received it with as much. But I was debar'd the happiness of seeing the Marriage compleated by a violent Fever which seized me that night occasioned by the Fatigue I had endured. I kept my bed a long time, and was not past Danger, when your Return, dear *Rouschen*, reached my Ears. But alas! how transient was that Comfort? Your Departure for *Ormuz* soon succeeded, and would certainly have cut my Thread of Life, had not my Father, who had been made acquainted with all my remaining Disease, found out the only remedy in the World, by applying to your Father, and obtaining his Approbation of my becoming his Son-in-Law. This, continued he, soon restored me, and gave me Strength and Encouragement to pay you this Visit.

I must own it being agreeable to my Inclinations, our Marriage was soon Solemnized; after which *Ajoub* follow'd Merchandizing.

chandizing. I must beg, Gentlemen you'll excuse my proceeding farther, I accompany'd him wherever he went, and I think Death was very cruel to separate us.

Here *Loulou* endeavoured to divert her Mother's Tears, by a witty flight which came into her Head. Dear mamma! said she, the *Portugal-Slave* perceiving me cry one Morning told me a Story to divert my Grief: I have it fresh in my Memory, and if you please to give Attention to it, 'twill probably mitigate yours. The beautiful *Persian* could not forbear smiling, and said to her Daughter, You may relate it, provided you be not too tedious. Upon which *Loulou* gave a Glance at me, and said, I will now inform *Abdallah*, why Men grow older as they live, whereas Serpents become younger.

Loulou's Second Story.

AFTER Mankind had experienced the Power and Friendship of the *Perises*, they begged of them the Privilege, that both Men and Women might always remain in the full Vigour of Youth, without the Inconveniencies of old Age. Let it be so, said the *Perises*, provided you will be careful in keeping your Charter of this Privilege; but if you once lose it, expect to fall into your former State.

Letters Patents for perpetual Vigour, granted in proper Form, were no sooner deliver'd but all the old People resumed their former Youth; their grey Hairs were changed, their Wrinkles vanish'd, and they became as handsome and strong as ever. How did the old Women then hold up their Heads! And with what Disdain did they revenge the Contempt which had been shewn them!

Some time after this Condescension of the *Perises*, the War between the Men and the wild Beasts broke out again on account of some Forests the former had usurped. Each made Preparations for battle. The Men having committed the Care of their Baggage to Asses, began very hard Marches towards the contested Forests. The Enemies did not all repair thither, but left behind them a Number of Serpents, Foxes, and other cunning Animals to Guard the Passes, and lye in Ambush. Frequent Skirmishes happened without much Advantage on either side, till at last the Men had the Misfortune of losing all they esteem'd valuable. For the Ass who carried their Charter flying to the side of a River with an intent to pass it, was opposed by a huge Serpent, who told him if he intended to pursue his Journey he ought to quit his Load. Upon this the Ass was going back, but being very thirsty, he stooped to drink first. Still the Serpent opposed his Design, and coming up to him swore he should not taste a Drop of it, unless he'd lay down his Burthen. The Ass press'd both by Thirst and Fear of staying too long behind his Companions, yielded at last and threw off his Load. The Serpent immediately

mediately seized his Pack, and finding the Privilege in it, made off and communicated it to the rest of the Serpents; and since that time they every year cast their old Skins and take new ones; whereas Men hourly decay, till they come to an End of their Days.

I HAD all the reason imaginable to believe Rouschen and her Daughter had been appris'd of my Undertaking, and that this Story was levell'd at me. Almoraddin and my self assured the Mother nothing ever filled us with more Admiration, than the History of her Adventures. She took what we said in good Part, and as we were going to take our leaves, she reminded me of Discharging that Part of the Agreement which related to me as soon as possible. I could wish, Madam said I, that I had already quitted my self of it, as Almoraddin has done; for what can I presume to relate after the wonderfull Things I have heard?

We did not return our Visit for some Days, Almoraddin being taken up in hastening his Workmen, and bartering his Goods. Instead of Gum Arabick, Amber from Souffel, and Cambaye Linens; he obtained Diamonds from Visapour, Pearls from Coromandel, and Canara Pepper in Exchange. And tho' these were very advantageous to him, yet the Profit was far exceeded by the Pleasure he conceived in finding himself able to make so valuable a Present to the beautiful Zulikah, whether he succeeded or not. For my Part I did not want Employment. The more Questions I asked, the farther I was convinced of the Difficulty of finding out what I was in search of. The Adventures of the Persian Lady at first gave me a glancing of hope, but then when I had heard the Catastrophe of them, and that she had not the least Correspondence with the Peries, I condemned my self for having conceiv'd it. And Almoraddin, still more prejudic'd than before, said to me as we return'd home. We have both acknowledged our Admiration of Rouschen; but I only praise the order of her Resveries, and her sincerity in Regard of Ajoub. What is it Abdalla, that you admire? Her Discoveries, answered I coolly. What you think such, reply'd he; are not they gross Imaginations? Sure you do not believe Rouschen was ever in the Topsy-Turvy Island? I am persuaded, said I, her body never was, but it is possible her Soul might; since the Voyage a Soul makes may be no less true, than those perform'd by Souls and Bodies joined together. Did not our Prophet go from Mecca to Jerusalem, and from thence to Heaven? Did not he traverse the Iron Heaven, the Brafs Heaven, the Silver, the Golden, the Pearl, the Emerald, the Ruby, and at last the Opal Heaven? tho' there's as much distance from one Heaven to another, as would take an ordinary Man a Thousand Years to Travel? Did not he penetrate the 540 Spaces of Water, Snow, Hail, Clouds, Darknes, Fire, Light, and Glory, which lie between the Opal Heaven and the Throne of God? Did he not return to Mecca the same way he went? And did not the Prophet

phet perform this long Voyage in one night, unknown to fair Aïschah he was in bed with? She could not be sensible of it, because, as the most celebrated Doctors assert, the body of Mahomet remained in bed with her. Almoraddin who was no great Scholar, was upon this in some Confusion, but I did not think it proper to augment it, and therefore said no more. The next visit we paid to Rouschen, I discharged the obligation I lay under by recounting the following Story.

The History of Prince Tangut, and the Princesses with a Nose a Foot long.

THERE reigned at the Foot of the great Mount *Dalanger*, an old King, a Widdower, that had three Sons. A Day or two before his Exit, he thus bespoke them: My Ancestors call me, wherefore I shall reveal unto you a Secret. Know then, a little before my Marriage, I pursued a Bear till I was so fatigued, that I was forced to seek Shelter and Rest in a Cavern of the Yellow Mountain. Next Morning, a comely young Man appeared to me, and said: *Aboucaf! Beget pretty Children, and when thou art leaving the World, send them hither.* He vanished that instant, but I have ever since retained his saying. Repair therefore, dear Children, to the Yellow Mountain, you will perhaps find there more than otherwise I am able to give you. Their Father dying, the three Princes delay'd no time till they came to the Cavern, where being enter'd they perceived a Stair Case at the farther End. They went up above a thousand Steps till they came to a large Square; but saw nothing there except a Rush Basket which contain'd a Leathern Purse, a Horn like a Shepherd's, and a Coarse Mohair Girdle. Said *Hiarkan*, the eldest, our Father I believe, had conceived as well as given us Hopes of a better Treasure; However let us share it among us; and for my Part I'll take the Girdle. And I the Horn, said *Xamor*, the second Son. Then the Purse must be mine, said the Youngest, whose Name was *Tangut*. As *Hiarkan* unfolded the Girdle, a Scroll dropt out, on which he read, *What Part of the World wouldst thou be transported to?* *Xamor* found one in the Horn, which imported, *What Number of Forces dost thou wish to Command?* And the Youngest had a Scroll in his Purse which said, *How much Money dost thou need?* Upon which all said, if it were but wish and have, how happy should we be! I can soon make a Trial said *Tangut*; then shutting his Purse cry'd, *I want a thousand Pieces of Gold.* The Purse swelled immediately, and grew so heavy that it dropt out of his Hands. He empty'd it and told the exact Sum call'd for. Imagine what Joy this raised in them. They all agree'd to conceal the Secret, and quit their barren Country in quest of a better Climate. *Hiarkan* and *Xamor* took first their Progress, and found-

ed the two Kingdoms and Cities which bear their Names ; but I shall omit the particulars of their Adventures, and confine myself to what befel *Tangut*. He directed his course towards the South, and after a long journey came to the great City of *Kemmerouf*, the Metropolis of the Kingdom of *Affan*, the situation of which he liked so well that he determined to reside there some time ; wherefore he had recourse to his Purse to provide him a suitable Equipage. The Richness of his Dress and the fineness and Number of his Attendants, soon made him so distinguished at Sultan *Fadhel's* Court (for so was the King of *Affan* called) that nothing else was talk'd of but the Magnificence and Generosity of *Tangut*. The Nobles all courted his Acquaintance ; and the Ladies vied with each other in Stratagems, to be observed by a Prince of such rare Perfections of Youth, Beauty and Fortune. *Tangut* professed an Esteem for all the Beauties of the Court, but an inward Contempt of such as were most flexible ; and perhaps it was more owing to this Disposition of his Soul than any real merit, that the haughty *Dogandar*, only Daughter to the Sultan, found means to triumph over him. He did more for her in vain, than would have ruined the Emperor of *China*. At last the Sultan and Sultaness thought fit to order *Dogandar* to receive the illustrious and generous stranger with less Disdain. Upon this she immediately changed her former Conduct into a moving tenderness, which the Sultan took for obedience, and *Tangut* for real affection ; but they were both deceived in their Expectations.

One Evening, after some tender Expressions, she took Occasion to speak thus to him : I have Reason to doubt the sincerity of your Affection, since I am still a stranger to the Monarch who gave you birth. That you are a great and noble Prince, is discernible to the meanest of the People ; but is it not surprizing that I should know no more of you than they ? It is plain you cannot love me, and behave with so much reserve. But suppose you do, it will be then easier for me to revenge the mystery which has so much disturb'd my Peace of Mind ? These words spoken with an air of Resentment, put *Tangut* into Despair. Alas ! Madam ! said he, what have I done, that you thus accuse and condemn me ! Let me know my Crime, that I may amend it. What have I kept as a secret from you ? you may know my Birth by the Appearance I make, for to my Father I owe the source of it, and the Purse I always carry about me. Is it possible, resumed *Doganda* more pleasing, that all the Wealth you squander away should only proceed from a Purse so easily carried ? Oh ! it can't be ; you still deceive me. Madam, reply'd *Tangut*, I'll instantly convince you of it. Then drawing out the Purse he open'd it several times, and laid the Treasure at her Feet. *Dogandar*, desiring to be Mistress of such an admirable Purse, said, she could

could not believe her own Eyes, unless she made trial of it her self; whereupon snatching it out of his Hands as in jest, she convey'd it into her Bosom, and run away, shutting five or six Doors after her. *Tangut* thinking his Charmer only did it out of Diversion waited her Return with Patience; but when the Eunuch in her name order'd him to withdraw, he began to see his Misfortune. He repaired daily to Court, but without meeting an opportunity of speaking to the Princess. He saw her indeed, but now she look'd upon him with Contempt. Never was Trouble equal to *Tangut's*. His Love detain'd him, and his Inability to support his Expence compell'd him to depart. But he resolv'd on the latter, thinking his Disease not incurable, if one of his Brothers would but assist him.

He left *Kemmerouf* abruptly, and travell'd till he found *Xamor*, whom he hoped to influence sooner than *Hiarkan*. Brother, said he, the greatest Misfortune has befallen me. A beautiful but tyrannical Princess has robbed me of my Purse; let me intreat you to lend me your Horn, that I may recover it. *Xamor* troubled at his loss, after some kind Reproaches, granted his Request.

Tangut possess'd of the Horn, went for *Kemmerouf*, resolving to besiege it. When he came near it he sounded his Horn, and fifty thousand Men block'd up each of the City Gates, perfectly well-arm'd and divided into Regiments and Brigades, under the command of most valiant Officers. Neither Provision, Ammunition, or any other Requisites for a siege were wanting. Sultan *Fadhul* and his Subjects were in a strange Consternation to find themselves so powerfully attacked by an unknown Enemy. They sent out several Spies but they were all taken; they made stout sallies and some vigorous Repulses with showers of Stones and Arrows, but found they had to do with invulnerable Assailants: So that they saw they had nothing to do but submit. Therefore the Sultan summon'd his Court and Family, in order to throw themselves at the feet of the Conqueror. Being brought before *Tangut* the King fell prostrate with his Attendance, not daring to lift up his Eyes. I can't tell, mighty Lord, said he, whether you are Man or something more; but must needs think I have offended you, since I feel the terrible Effects of your Indignation. But I hope, you have set some bounds to it, and will not disapprove the humble step I have taken to appease it. Here we lie at your Mercy, powerful Lord, and entreat you will either Pardon our Crimes, or together with our Punishment, let us know wherein we have offended.

Whilst the Sultan spoke, all his Attendance wept, keeping their Eyes fix'd on the Ground, except the charming *Dogandar*; who could not forbear giving several glances at *Tangut*, whose Eyes as often meeting hers, she saw good Reason to pull up her
Courage

Courage. He was again further melted into Tenderness, that he could hardly preserve an appearance of Anger. He raised the Sultan from the Ground, saying, he should soon know the Cause of his Resentment, and then suddenly withdrew to conceal the Confusion he was in, and think of a proper Answer. In vain were all his Consultations; Love, whose Power he felt a-new, had the ascendant, and determin'd him to accommodate the Sights and Injuries he had received. In this View, he invites the Sultan and his Attendants to Dinner. *Dogandar* then was not the only Person knew him again, but none durst seem to own it, except her; who had the Presence of Mind thus to address him. My Lord, durst we presume to speak our Thoughts freely, I'm positive it would be no hard Task to convince you your Anger is unjust. Madam, reply'd *Tangut*, I know none less capable of such an undertaking than yourself. These Words he pronounced with so little Resolution, that the Princess easily perceived her Influence, and taking advantage of the discovery, said, Tho' you seem so prejudiced as to think me incapable of making good the Assertion, yet I alone can prove that you have resent'd as heinous, what I only meant as an innocent Trial of your Constancy. Had I thought you'd have been so violent, I would have behaved with more Circumspection. You made Protestations of your Love, and I was willing to convince myself of your sincerity by a harmless Method yourself was Author of. But alas! How fatal has it prov'd! Immediately you abandon'd me, and were no more heard off till you came Sword in Hand ready to Sacrifice me! How could I foresee so sudden a Departure, or expect so Cruel a Return. Confess then, my Lord, my Innocence, and blame your own Impatience.

Tangut remaining Speechless, *Fadhel* broke Silence, and, after blaming his Daughter's Imprudence and want of Conduct, said, Prince, if my inconsiderate Daughter still deserves any place in your Affections, To-morrow she's yours. Why, interrupted the *Sultaneess*, should an Affair of this Consequence be deferr'd so long? This Moment I dispose of my Daughter to the brave *Tangut*; let him accompany us and give Peace to his own Subjects. He readily condescended to go with them into the City, but took a sufficient Guard and kept Possession of one of the Gates. At the sight of *Tangut* the Terror of the People was turn'd to Joy. The Sultan entertain'd him with the utmost Magnificence that Evening in his Garden, where all the Trees were burden'd with Flambeaux, which made it as light as at Noon Day.

After Supper *Dogandar* led *Tangut* aside from the Company, and said, We are now at Liberty to discourse without restraint. How happy am I in a Lover and Spouse, the most powerful Prince in the World! The Source of your Treasure I am in Possession of; yet you have found means to raise an Army sufficient

cient to conquer the Universe ! Which alone gives me the greatest Astonishment. But the sudden appearance of it, their Discipline, Strength, and being invulnerable, so confounds me, that unless I can hope some Satisfaction in these Points from your Complaisance, the Mystery will not suffer your *Dogandar* to take any Enjoyment. She spake this with so agreeable an Air of Concern, that without any Reflection he forthwith drew out the *Horn*, and said, Madam, I should be very ungrateful to keep you any longer in suspense. By this alone have I the Army you have seen ; and had I occasion for a Million more, the Moment I found it, and mention the Number I require, that Instant the Forces appear. It is incredible sure, said the artful Princess ; how do I feel my Admiration and Curiosity augment ! For Heaven's sake, let me try if this wonderful *Horn* will be as Efficacious when I blow it. In speaking these Words she dexterously took it, retiring a few Paces in a toying manner, put it to her Mouth and demanded a hundred thousand Men. The Town, Palace, and Garden were instantly full of Soldiers at her Devotion, and *Tangut's* disappear'd. The Quality of the *Horn* being such that the Blast of one destroyed the Effect of another. The unhappy Lover was hard put to it to escape the Orders his Mistress had given to seize him ; but the Night favour'd him.

When he was some distance from the Town, he abhor'd the Perfidy of *Dogandar*, and bewailed his Misfortunes ; which he could think of no other way to remedy, but by procuring his eldest Brother's Girdle. But he despair'd of surmounting so difficult a Point, *Hiarkan* being of a very ill-natur'd and haughty temper. However, being come to his House, he threw himself at his Brother's Feet with Tears in his Eyes, and acknowledging his own stupidity in not being ruled by his Advice, let him know his Misfortunes, and entreated *Hiarkan*, as the only supporter of the Family, to lend him the Girdle to retrieve his Losses.

Hiarkan fell into a violent Passion, and nothing moved with his Brother's Sorrow, severely reproached him for his ill Conduct. But happily for *Tangut*, after this excess of Anger, his Brother repented of being too harsh, and at last granted him the Girdle. *Tangut* had no sooner put it on ; but he wish'd himself at *Kemmerouf*, and then at midnight in the Princess's Chamber. When approaching the Bed he beheld her in all the Charms of sleeping Beauty, his Indignation was very near melting into a Desire altogether the Reverse. All her Impositions were not able to stifle the Love he bore her. Ah *Hiarkan*, thought he, were you in my Place ! But recollecting he had been twice deceived before, and that this was his last stake, he was ashamed of this Weakness, he flung open the Curtains ; throwing down a Table which stood near them, the beautiful *Dogandar* waked in a great fright,

fright, and without daring to open her Eyes, asked the Occasion of the Noise. A Lover, reply'd *Tangut*, injured by your Artifices is come to shew what is in his Power to do for Vengeance and Redress. But *Tangut* has too much Generosity to execute the one, provided you make him the other. Deliver me therefore instantly my *Purse* and *Horn*, for I have but a short time to stay. The Voice and Name of this easy Lover dispell'd great part of her Fear. She presently found in what manner she was to behave: so looking on him with a pleasing Languishing, she replied, I might easily have imagined, none but you were capable of surprizing one thus. The Miracles you perform are not displeasing to me, but indeed methinks you might have took a more seasonable time. However let me know, I beseech you, the cause of this new Transport, I can't tell whether what I have heard you say be not a Dream; but sure I am, such extraordinary Language amazes me.

She leaned carelessly on her Elbows, while she was speaking, and two perfum'd Tapers, casting their Lights directly on her Face and Neck, disclos'd ten thousand Charms, to the admiring Eye. *Tangut* had never seen her in so enchanting a Negligence; all his Resentment was gone, and Love alone had possession of his Soul. Pardon, Madam, said he, the Presumption of a Lover, who entreats with all respect, to know why you have twice deceived his longing Expectations? Do not insult me, interrupted the Princess, nor keep at such distance, which, if you lov'd me, must be painful to you. How joyfully did he draw nearer, at so unexpected a condescension? Of what, said she, do you accuse and reproach me? Did I not justify my behaviour in regard to the *Purse*? and as to the *Horn* it is your Interest to be silent, unless you would wish me to remember the most unworthy Action a Man could be guilty of. It is you alas! have deceived me. I Madam, cry'd he hastily? Yes, *Tangut*, (replied she) did not you leave me when I had consented to your wishes, and thereby expos'd me to the Derision of the whole World. Tho' I rais'd an Army, which oblig'd yours to disappear; how weak a Cause was that for your forsaking me? were not the Troops yours, as well as the *Horn*? Nay rather, was not she yours who innocently made the Experiment?

These soothing Expressions had such an Effect on *Tangut*, that he threw himself on his Knees, asking Pardon a second time of the Princess; who immediately rais'd him, and seeing his Girdle, said smiling, What new Mode have you brought here? it seems to be after the manner of the *Hob-goblins*; but not so rich and ingenious as their Works are supposed to be; for as far as I can see at this Distance, yours is coarse and meanly wrought, but draw near that I may have a better view of it. Madam, answer'd *Tangut*, going to her, I know nothing of the *Hob-goblins*

or their Girdles ; but am certain that mine is of inestimable Value, since it has procured me the Happiness I now enjoy. While he was speaking, the subtle Princess untied the Girdle, and drew it insensibly from him ; saying, How got you hither then ? How much Time has your Journey took up ? I have travell'd more than three hundred Leagues in one instant. When this miraculous Girdle is about me, I but name a Place, and I'm immediately there. But what are you doing ? *Dogander* had got as much of the Girdle, as went round her Waste ; and instead of answering him, wish'd herself in the Sultan's Chamber ; which being effected, *Fadbel* was alarmed, and ordered his Guards to make diligent Search all over the Palace. Happy was it for *Tangut* that he was before acquainted with the Avenues. He escaped down a Back-Stairs, and got out of the City by a Breach in the Fortifications. But after he had taken time to breathe and reflect of his miserable Condition, he endeavour'd not to comfort himself by Hopes or Complaints ; but gave way entirely to Despair, desiring only to die.

He took his Journey *West* from *Kemmerous*, till he came to a great Desert, surrounded with Mountains, and so Barren that the hardiest Animals durst not inhabit it. *Tangut* in hopes of putting an end to his wretched Life, wandered in it all Night and the Day following, adding to Hunger the most insupportable Fatigue. Towards Evening as he moved feebly down a Rock, he fell down in a Swoond, and rolled for some Time towards a steep Precipice, where this unhappy Prince must have perished, had not his Garments caught hold of an old Fig Tree, and prevented his Fate.

This Tree might be called the Wonder of the Place, no other green Thing being to be seen near it. *Tangut* continued in a Swoond or Sleep till next Day ; when, opening his Eyes, the first thing he saw, was the Fruit of the Tree, which looked very tempting. I have resolv'd to die, thought he, but I shall not be much farther from Death, if I take the Pleasure Fortune has put in my Power, of tasting a few Figs. He rais'd himself with a great deal of Pain, and eat all the Fruit in his Reach, with such extreme Greediness, that though his Nose encreased a Foot long every Fig he swallowed, he did not leave off till his Stomach was quite full, and his Nose of so preposterous a Size, that with much ado he dis-entangled it from the Branches.

Whilst the Pleasure lasts, succeeding Ills are little regarded ; but afterwards it is otherwise. *Tangut* who had defied Fortune to render him more miserable, now experienced an Augmentation. Sure, said he, I was born under the most malignant Planet ! The other Woes I suffer, are occasioned by my own

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own Imprudence; but how could I foresee this! Oh let me fly from so fatal a Tree, and no longer bear the painful Load of Life! Then wrapping his Nose round his Left-Arm, he hasted from it, and having recovered his Strength by the Figs he had eaten, travelled with fresh Vigour, and before Sunset came into a Valley surrounded with Rocks. He sat down on a Stone, and casting his Eyes, saw in an obscure Corner another Fig Tree with as tempting a Fruit; but this instead of pleasing, gave him so much Pain, that had his weariness permitted he would have gone from an Object, which he could not conceive any good from; wherefore he turned from it and fell asleep. When he awoke Hunger tormented him anew, and he thus reasoned with himself: If I taste these Figs, what can happen to me worse, than with the former? Why should I refrain them, since this Valley will serve for a Grave as well as another Place, so let me eat of this deluding Fruit, before Death approaches. He went to the Tree, and taking his Nose in one Hand, with the other he plucked a Fig; which he had no sooner swallowed than the Extremity of his Nose slipped from his Hand, and shrunk a full Foot. A second had the same Effect: And a third convinced him of the Virtue of this excellent Fruit, till with the utmost Joy he had reduced his Nose to its natural Size. This lucky Adventure dictated to him a Scheme which re-established his Affairs. He tore out the Lining of his Turbant and filled one Part with these Figs; then returning with all speed to the first Tree, he gathered a good number of them and put up in the other Part. He returned with all haste to *Kemmerous*, and lay that Night at a poor House where he was not known. Next Morning he daubed his Face, put on the Habit of a Peasant, and made up a Basket of Figs of those last discovered. This done, he walks too and fro before the Palace, till the chief Purveyor, taking Notice of the Rarity, called him, and demanded how he came by Figs at that Season. O says the counterfeit Peasant, these are little Mountain Figs, and being exposed so much to the Sun ripen the sooner. In short he sold them, and went immediately and disguised himself, putting on a false Beard, and the Habit of a Physician.

The Purveyor hasted to the *Sultaneſs* and *Princess*, who were drinking Coffee; and shewed what fine Fruit he had bought for them. They both ran to the Basket. *Dogandar* seized some with great eagerness, and eat them as she was going to another Part of the Room. The Mother who had eat four, observing that her Nose lengthened about as many Foot, threw away the fifth, half peel'd, and skream'd out, which obliged *Dogandar* to look back: Oh what a Nose, Madam! said she. And yours, Daughter, cry'd the *Sultaneſs*! Alas! we're both undone!

undone ! They appealed to the Glass as well as their Senses, and were too well convinced both ways. Who can express their sad Affliction ? Their Lamentations brought all the Ladies of the Palace to them ; also the Sultan, the Vizier, and the chief of the Eunuchs and Nobles. *Fadbel* was in a great Consternation, but because he would not augment theirs, he told them he could soon get Physicians to cure them.

The most skilful of the Faculty were assembled from all Parts of the Kingdom, to consult on a Remedy. After a long Debate they had nothing to propose but cutting them off ; and then they could not prevent a visible Deformity in the Part ; more especially in the Princess's ; because as she had been more greedy, the Base of her Nose was augmented in proportion to its Length. This Conclusion threw them both into such Despair, that they resolved ever to live retir'd. The Report of this soon reached all Parts of the Town, and consequently one, who waited for nothing more than the surrender of the Physicians.

Tangut address'd the Sultan in quality of a strange Physician, desiring to offer his Opinion in so nice a Case, giving Grounds of Encouragement from his great Knowledge and Experience in Simples. *Fadbel* accepted his Offer, and led him to the Ladies Apartment. The pretended Physician felt their Pulses, and examined their Noses ; then changing his Voice said with a grave Tone, My Queens, you resemble Elephants. And what will take off the Trunk of one of those Animals without cutting, no doubt will cure you. I am Master of such a Recipe, having try'd it with Success on one of the largest Elephants of the Kingdom of *Pegu*. But before I undertake so vast a Task, I must tell you, that an Elephant is of a tractable Disposition, which contributes greatly to the Operation of the Remedies : Consequently what I prescribe will have no Effect unless the Humours of your Bodies are in due Order. After this fine Speech, *Fadbel* committed them to his Care. The first eight Days he only gave them innocent Medicines, with hard Names, to reduce, as he said, their Humours to a good Temperament. Then he caused the *Sultaneſs* to withdraw into her Closet, and having shut up all the Windows, put into her Mouth four Figs, one after another. She had no sooner swallowed them but he said, Now, Madam, you are cured. Putting up her Hand and finding it true, she was so transported, that she left the Physician and flew to her Daughter, who impatiently expected her. *Doganday* seeing her Mother perfectly restored, embraced her with Tears ; and earnestly conjured the Physician to give her the same Proof of his Art. *Tangut* coldly reply'd, that he could promise nothing from her Constitution ; he examined her Pulse again and

and again, and shook his Head, which so discourag'd *Dogandar* that she trembled at her very Soul. In short he declared her Disease incurable, and desired Permission to retire. The *Sultan* and *Sultaneſs* were extremely troubled at this Sentence, and importuned the Physician to continue his Preparations for her. He utterly declined it as in vain ; however they prevailed on him to ſtay ſome time at Court.

Dogandar ſpent her time in Tears. Of what uſe, cry'd ſhe, are all the Advantages I have received from Nature and Fortune ? What the finiſh'd Beauty, for which I have been ſo juſtly celebrated ? Alas ! it only ſerves to make my Deformity more unſupportable ! Never was Princeſs more happy than my ſelf before this dreadful Miſfortune. But this Reflection only augments my Sorrow. The inexhauſtible *Purſe*, the formidable *Horn*, and miraculous *Girdle* ill become the Poſſeſſion of a Monſter.

One Afternoon as *Tangut* was going to viſit the Princeſs, he over heard theſe inconſolable Exclamations, which he looked on as a happy Occaſion of recovering what he had loſt. He enter'd her Chamber without ſeeming to have heard any thing, and ſaluted his Royal Patient as uſual. Oh, ſaid ſhe ſighing, is it poſſible you have condemn'd me to remain all my Life in this Condition ?—Have pity on me, I implore you, and make at leaſt one more Trial. Doubt you of being ſufficiently rewarded. If the Treasures of my Father ſeem too little, the unfortunate Princeſs who now ſpeaks to you can her ſelf make you Preſents will oblige you to own never Phyſician was better paid.

Inter'eſt, Madam, reply'd the Phyſician, was never the Motive of my Actions : Glory alone is my Aim. For as Kings and Conquerors render themſelves famous by their great Exploits, and their magnificent and good Offices ; ſo in my Profeſſion were it poſſible for me to paſs in a Moment from one Part of the World to another, I ſhould ſoon make my Name the univerſal Theme in reſtoring Health to the illuſtrious diſeaſed of all Nations.

Reſtore me the Beauty I am deprived of, and I will put you in a Condition to obtain greater Conqueſts and more Liberalities, than any Conqueror ever did. Nor ſhall this be all : I'll furniſh you with the means to transport your ſelf to any Part you deſire to be at, with ſuch Swiftneſs, that the Flight of Birds is not to compare to it. *Tangut*, whoſe Miſfortunes had made him more prudent, ſeemed greatly aſtoniſhed at theſe Propoſals. Madam, ſaid he, ſmiling, we readily promiſe every thing, and even Impoſſibilities, in hopes of obtaining what we ſtrongly wiſh for. But my Promiſes are not of that Nature, interrupted the Princeſs ; and you ſhall be immediately convinced of it. Upon which ſhe takes out of her Cabinet the *Purſe*, *Horn*, and *Girdle*, and ſhewed them to the Phyſician, explaining their ſeveral Virtues. He knew more of the Matter than ſhe,

she, but appeared incredulous to all she said, and pretended to go away, as weary of listening to such Discourse; insomuch that *Dogandar* intreated him to carry the three Rarities Home, to make the Experiment. In compliance to her Request, he took them, and having once more recovered what he despair'd to see again, he resolv'd to finish the Scene. Nothing depending on my Skill can remove your Misfortune, says he to the Princess; but as your Generosity extends so far, I cannot refuse even to try at Impossibilities; and what can be done you shall know in an Hour.

Tangut went and dress'd himself in order for his departure, then returning to the Princess with some of the medicinal Figs and one of the common kind, conducted her to the Cabinet where



where her Mother was cured. He gave her as many of the first sort as reduced her Nose to a Foot, when feeling her Pulse, alas, Madam! cry'd he, how fatal a Change is here! The Remedy will not operate. Apply it nevertheless said she. That I will, resumed the Physician, and wish I may be deceived. Then he gave her a common Fig which she swallowing without any benefit, cry'd out, Grief inexpressible! horrible Despair! must I then continue with a Nose a Foot long! Yes Madam, answer'd the Physician, (opening the Window and pulling off his false beard) 'tis *Tangut* assures you of it; so having shew'd himself he named the City of *Hiarkan*, and by virtue of the *Girdle* was there in a moment. *Dogandar* would have willingly dy'd at this Discovery, but she lived in spite of her self without being able to reconcile her self to the Deformity of her Nose. This Adventure of hers occasioned a Proverb, still in use throughout the East. As for Prince *Tangut*, after restoring the *Horn* and *Girdle* to his Brothers, he settled himself in a fertile Country and founded an extensive Kingdom of his Name.

ROUSCHEN express'd with a great deal of Energy the Pleasure this Story afforded her. And acknowledged that I had fully discharged my obligation. I was about to reply, but *Almoraddin* prevented me saying, Madam, this History is full of Wonders, but I ought to share with *Abdalla* the Applause you have given it. I can't tell how *Rouschen* interpreted these Words; but they puzzled me so that as soon as we had taken leave, I desired *Almoraddin* to explain them. He appeared discontented, and obliged me to repeat my Request several Times. At last, Cruel Friend, reply'd he, am I not sufficiently acquainted with my miserable Situation, but you must recall the History of my past Misfortunes, in making me see *Zulikah* in the Character of a perfidious Princess, and representing me three times unsuccessful in my Aim? So that all my little Hopes are totally extinguished. Do you conceive then, reply'd I, the History I have been relating was of my own Invention? No, Dear *Almoraddin*! I swear to you by the Black Stone at *Mecca*, by the Wells of *Zem-Zem*, and by the Tomb of the Prophet, it is not. Peruse the Annals of the Kingdom of *Chachemire*, and you'll there find from whence I took it. To conclude, I hope you will not long resemble *Tangut*; or if you do, that you will at last find as kind a Resource as his Fig Trees. Then I embraced him, for though want of Reading had made him Subject to little Mistakes, he was soon convinced of his Error.

When our Vessel was ready to Sail, we went to take leave of *Rouschen*. Little *Loulou*, tho' very busy in running after a Monkey, came out of Breath to receive our Compliments; which she returned very wittily. Seeing she had heated herself with her Diversion, and telling her, I thought a Monkey was not worthy

worthy the Danger she incurred of an Indisposition; she answered: You advise me then, I suppose, to be less sprightly. Certainly, said I. And for my own Part, reply'd she briskly, I would persuade you not to give your Advice, unless it be required, especially if it relates to Monkeys, lest it happen to you as it did to a little Bird. And pray what befell the little Bird, cry'd I. You shall be instantly satisfy'd, reply'd *Loulou*.

The Third Story of LOULOU.

CERTAIN Monkeys, dwelling in a Wood, assembled together under a Tree to pass the Night there, it being the Beginning of the rainy Season, and very cold. Perceiving at a little Distance from them, the glittering of a Glow-worm, and believing it a Spark, or a live Coal, they cover'd it with dry Leaves and Wood, and began to blow it one after another. There happened to be a Flock of Birds upon the Tree, who beheld all that pass'd, and laugh'd at their Simplicity; one of them more officious than the rest, charitably flew down to the Monkeys, designing to undeceive them, saying, The Pains I see you take in lighting the Fire in vain, gave me so much Uneasiness, that I could not forbear quitting the Branch I sat upon, to acquaint you, that you only lose your Labour. But the kind Advice the little Bird gave the Monkeys was ill receiv'd, for one of them answer'd him with a great deal of Pride and Disdain: Prithee, Friend, who desiredst thee to meddle with our Affairs? It's a sign thou hast little else to do: Know, none but Fools advise, where Counsel is not ask'd: About thy Business and sleep therefore, and don't trouble thy Head with what regards us. The little Bird held his Peace for some time, then he began again to speak, and said, What you see shine is not Fire; it's Nature that gives the Reflexion which deceives you. If the Weakness of thy disorder'd Brain, reply'd the Monkey, hinders thee from sleeping, stop at least, thy impertinent Beak. The Simplicity of the little Bird was still so great, that instead of flying away, he added farther; Nothing's more certain than what I tell you concerning the Worm: Sure I ought to know him, since I make so many Meals of his Kindred; He was in Hopes, by this way of Argument, to reduce the Monkeys, at last, to Reason; but he, who had already resented his Endeavours to convince them, not being able any longer to retain his Passion, flew upon the little Prater and snapp'd him up. *Loulou* laugh'd heartily at the Conclusion of her Fable. You have made me a very apropos Answer, said I to her, and he assur'd, if ever I become a little Bird, I'll never speak, but when it tends to your Praise.

The End of the second Part.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF

ABDALLAH *Son of* HANIF,

WHO WAS

Sent by the SULTAN of the INDIES
to discover the Fountain of BORICO,
which Restores past YOUTH.

Intermix'd with several Curious and Instructive
HISTORIES.

PART III. CONTAINING

- I. The Continuation of the History of *Almoraddin*.
- II. The Adventure of the Pilot's Father.
- III. The Histories of the Giant *Hardoun* and the beautiful *Nour*, and of the Genius *Feridoun* and the Princess *Cheroudah*.
- IV. The Adventure of the *Santon*, Husband of the young Woman.
- V. The Expedition for the three Dates with Golden Kernels.
- VI. The Adventure of the second sorrowful *Santon* with the beautiful Queen *Amberbo i*.
- VII. Of the third sorrowful *Santon* and *Daggial's* As.
- VIII. Of the old *Santon* and the Queen of the Mountains.
- X. The Reception of *Almoraddin* by Queen *Zulikah*.

Adorn'd with suitable Cutts, curiously Engrav'd.

L O N D O N:

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Lane, and may be had of the Booksellers, and Printers in the
Country. 1729.

(Price Three Pence.)

The Figure of the terrible Scorpion killed
by *Hardoun* for Sultan *Sobaschid*. p. 63.



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T H E

Adventures of *Abdalla, &c.*

P A R T II.

The History of Almoraddin Contin'd.

WE sail'd from *Calicut*, and had a favourable Gale till we were off of *Ceilan*, where a strong North East Wind blew so full in our Teeth, that we could not pursue our Voyage, so were forced not only to lye by, but a terrible Tempest arising, to abandon ourselves to the mercy of the Waves, the Violence of which carry'd us into a Sea, where we spy'd many Islands, without being able to make any one. After this the Storm continued for thirty Days, and was so raging that during that space we saw nothing but the Heavens and Water. At last the Ocean being some what calmed, we perceived a high Mountain, which being at good Distance seem'd to come out of the Sea. We demanded of the *Pilot*, if he knew it. Too well I do, answer'd he, not to caution you from approaching such imminent Danger. It's an Island belonging to the Div *Feridoun*, one of the most capricious, bloody-thirsty *Genii* that ever was heard of. Pray relate to us, said I, what you know of him.

The Adventure of the Pilot's Father.

MY Father, said the *Pilot* sighing, anchoring in a Creek of this Island, where the Wind now blows full in, went a shore with part of his Crew, to Wood and Water. *Feridoun* seeing them land, set up a Cry as it were of twenty Lions in a Forest, and said, *You're all dead men, if the rest of your Ship's Company do not forthwith present themselves before me.* One of the Sailors went with the Boat to signify his Pleasure; while my Father and the others remained in the utmost terrour. Those on board hesitated for some time, but considering they had no *Pilot*, nor any body capable of that Office, they concluded to share the fate of their Ship-Mates. When they came before the *Genius*, he said, *Is any of you desirous to ask me any Questions?* but

K

none

none presuming to speak, he bid them extend their Arms to Heaven, as he did, lifting up his Hands, and after some Pause saying, seemingly with great Devotion, *Praise be to God, the Creator of Heaven and Earth, Light and Darkness. They who believe not in their Lord, go astray. He hath created me of the Flame of the Fire, but you of the dust of the Earth.* At these Words seizing my Father by the Throat, he strangled him, and the first ten he came at, between his Fingers, then said to the rest : *Praise God, and make use of my Island.* After this he retreated to the Top of a Mountain, where they heard him make most lamentable Groans.

WE asked the *Pilot*, if the Island was inhabited, and whether all who went thither met the like Fate. There are some *Santons* in it, answer'd he, and I have met with People that have spoke in Praise of *Feridoun*; particularly that he supply'd them with Wood, Water, and Provisions, and moreover answer'd them several Questions, and revealed to them divers Secrets.

Almoraddin and I, possessed with an equal desire of consulting *Feridoun*, ordered them to Sound for Anchorage, and finding it good, we encouraged the Sailors, and landed: We travelled some time and saw nothing but Trees, a few *Antelopes*, and a prodigious Number of *Mice*, which were not at all afraid of us. At last we came to a little Hut, the Master of which, who was a *Santon*, came out at the Noise of our Approach. He saluted us with a friendly Aspect, and invited us in, saying, *Praise be to God, ye are welcome to the Island of the best of Genii.* Reverend Father, said I, since you are acquainted with the Perfections of *Feridoun*, we entreat you'll direct us in our Conduct towards him, who from what we have heard just now, we cannot but be very apprehensive of; then recounting what the *Pilot* had told us, I added, But it is not likely that *Feridoun*, who acknowledges God, would stain his Hands in Blood without a justifiable Cause. Are ye *Mussulmen*, said the *Santon*? Yes, reverend Father, answered we, though great Sinners? And are your Ship Mates likewise, resumed he? We believe so, replied we. Fear nothing then, said he; tarry with me to-night, and to-morrow I'll introduce you to *Feridoun*, who is now on the other side of the Mountain. The *Santon* gave us a frugal Entertainment of dry'd Fruit, which was more satisfactory than the richest Banquet; and during Supper informed us of the Character and Manners of this *Genius*. That he was the most zealous and strict *Mussulman* of his Nation; bore an irreconcilable Aversion to the Adorers of Fire, and other Idolaters; and that discerning them by some infectious Smell, he directly put such to Death, as he had done our *Pilot's* Father, and the others that suffered with him; that he did this not of out Cruelty or Capriciousness, but from an inspired Zeal. Pray do you know, interrupted I, what kind of *Genius* he is, and why he grieves

so?

so? There can't be a more dangerous Question, replied the *Santon*, than the first; God preserve us from enlarging on it. But the second I will answer with Pleasure, because it is agreeable to *Feridoun*; so what I have to say on it will serve as an Amusement till Bed-time.

The Histories of the Giant Hardoun and the beautiful Nour; and of the Genius Feridoun and the Princess Cheroudah.

THIS Island, pursued he, was formerly very well inhabited, by a People who lived without Ambition or Distinction of Ranks; some cultivating Rice and Millet in the Fields, others in improving the Product of the Cocoa Trees. The Families allied to each other lived together and formed a kind of City without Walls. The chief Diversion of the young People was Hunting of *Antelopes*, so fearful a Creature, that the young Maids did not decline the Pursuit of it.

The most beautiful Huntress of the whole Island was *Nour*, who repaired every Morning to one Side of a high Mountain near the City, armed with her Bow and Quiver, and commonly went alone. One Day as she reposed her self, after her Fatigue, under a shady Tree, she was surprized with the appearance of a Man of immeasurable Size; but as he came near she saw nothing in him disagreeable; nay he seemed rather Polite than Savage; his Hair hanging down in Curls about his Shoulders. Under his Arm he held a Cedar stript of the Branches, serving him for Support or Defence. He stood some Minutes gazing on the beautiful *Nour*; then without speaking went and sat down by her, who was almost dead with fear. Be not afraid, said *Hardoun*, nor suspect me of any cruel Designs, who have been so fearful of offending you, that though I have languished ever since I first saw you, yet durst not till this Moment appear before you, and lest I should terrify you, my humble Love was content to Contemplate you unseen. How did I envy the River Yesterday's Happiness! How was I enchanted! *Nour* blushed at these Words, having barked therein, thinking her self unobserved. Let not what I say, give you Trouble, for if the largeness of my Body surprizes you, it enjoys a Justness of Proportion, in which due Beauty consists; besides, I may boast a Birth not unworthy your regard.

MY Name is *Hardoun* Son to the great Genius *Feridoun*, and the Princess *Cheroudah*, Daughter of the Sultan *Raz-Andax*, Chief of the Eastern Sages, King of the *Hundred Isles*. All which were but barren Rocks till by his Enchantments render'd fertile and made so many Kingdoms, each having a City, large

and well peopled, each City a Palace, and each Palace a Throne of Gold, and on each Throne was a Majestic statue of *Raz-Andaz*, which spake, heard Causes, and render'd Justice impartially to all. But the Sage *Raz-Andaz* instigated by a fond Caprice, made all those Enchantments depend on the Virginity of his only Daughter *Cheroudah*, whom for that reason he guarded, with unexpressible Diligence, keeping her in a Place inaccessible to Mankind. *Feridoun* fell in Love with the Princess, surpriz'd and convey'd her away in spite of her Father's Skill, whose Enchantments were broke, and supplied by others of a superior force. *Cheroudah* enjoy'd the Charms of Love and Liberty with her faithful Prince; and in me you behold the only Fruit of their Embraces. When I was about ten Years old, *Feridoun* appearing very Melancholy, my Grand-father press'd him to declare the cause of his uneasiness. It's your self, without knowing it, answer'd he, you have pardon'd my rashness, but our Protectors are more inflexible. *Turafsch* Sovereign of the *Genii*, has condemn'd this Child to be a Wanderer, and forbid us to impart any of our Arts to him. Perhaps this is the last time you'll see him. Then taking me in his Arms he bore me to the Island *Subu*; where being arrived he said sighing, My Son, let not labour dismay you, and regret not the Pleasures of Enchantments; follow Virtue, and derive Glory from your self. By me you'll be enabled to go any where; but no more till the Indignation of *Turafsch* be over. Then he disappear'd, and I remain'd with the *Tigers* and wild *Elephants*, of whom I soon became the Terrour. I ranged many Countries restoring Tranquillity to those oppress'd by Monsters. The same Generous Design led me hither, but alas! I have lost that Repose, I pretended to procure for others.

Here *Hardoun* ended his Recital, and looking stedfastly at *Nour*, began a Song he had made in her Praise. His Voice was so strong and melodious, he silenced all the Birds and made the Valley resound the Notes of his Pipe and Song. Which being ended, *Nour* acquainted him with her Name and Family, and pretending to be pleas'd with the Conquest she had made, promised to come there frequently, and as a Pledge of Friendship, taking her leave, gave him one of her Arrows. The Giant immediately fix'd it in his Hair, but she resolving not to expose herself again, he looked Day after Day in vain for her; suffering all the ills of disappointed Love. Sometimes he imagined her Parents caused her breach of Promise, sometimes that an indisposition or unhappy accident prevented her coming. Tir'd with Expectation he resolv'd to go to the City, so quitted the Mountain with the Cedar in his Hand and a Lion's Skin on his Breast. The Inhabitants no sooner perceiv'd him, but they shut fast their Doors, and those who were out, fled from him, *Hardoun* perceiving their

their Terror, mended his Pace and taking up one from the Ground threatned to throw him over the Mountain, if he did not shew him the House of *Nour*. The Man half killed with his formidable gripe, immediately comply'd. *Nour* was embroidering a *Serapha* or vest, for *Scimdy*, a young Man to whom her Parents had promised her. As soon as she cast Eyes on *Hardoun*, who had unhing'd the Doors and enter'd the House, she hid her Face with her Hands, expecting nothing but Death. But he address'd her with so much softness that she took Courage, and soon deceived him into an opinion of her Love, telling him that nothing but an Indisposition had prevented her coming to the Mountain, and that she would be more punctual for the future. The Giant quite appeas'd, desir'd a pledge of her Promise. *Nour* who wanted to get rid of him, presented him with the *Serapha* she was working. *Hardoun* fix'd it on his Shoulder, and pleased with his success repair'd to the Mountain.

The Inhabitants had no sooner lost Sight of him, but they went to *Nour*, to know the Motive of her extraordinary Guest. The Particulars being laid before them, some argued, they could not honourably suffer her to fulfil her Appointment, because the Giant would not fail to ravish, and consequently kill her. Others cry'd, the Preservation of *Nour* this way, would certainly be the Destruction of the City. It was determined therefore that she should keep his Hopes alive, and promise to espouse him in a limited time, before which they might perhaps be able to destroy him.

Upon this Resolution *Nour* was sent to *Hardoun*, whom she found sitting on a Stone; but he arose to meet her with the greatest Transport. *Nour* accosted him with a dissembled Pleasure, and made him many Compliments. He overjoy'd invited her to a neighbouring Grotto, that serv'd him for a Palace. She considering his respectful Behaviour, did not offer to oppose his Request. They descended together into the Valley, near a clear Rivulet of Water, and he led her into a vast Cavern, and seated her on a soft mossy Bed. While she reflected on the wildness of the Place, her Gigantic Lover collected all his Rarities, and laid them at her Feet, begging her acceptance, and saying, These Pieces I dug out of a vein of pure Gold which I discover'd in the Mountain: This *Jar* is one entire *Topaz*, presented me by the King of *Queronde*, for destroying a Dragon which depopulated his Country. The black Powder it contains heals all sort of Wounds. Of these precious Stones which I brought from divers Countries, one gives Light in Darkeness, another repels the force of *Tary*; that is dim or clear according to the change of Weather, this causes success in Love. The Foot of this fine *Egret* inlayed with Diamonds was given me by *Sobaschid*, of the Island *Borneo*, Sultan of the Mountaineers, for destroying a Scorpion.

Refuse

Refuse not, dear *Nour*! this pearl Necklace which I took from the false God *Mehahden*, when I destroy'd his Temple in the Island of *Aru*. *Nour* took what she lik'd of these excellent Things, and eat also some Fruit. And could not help being touch'd with her Lover's Generosity and Magnificence; but ungratefully suppress'd her Inclinations, and prosecuted her Design of deceiving him: accordingly at her Departure she promised to influence her Parents, and bring him a speedy and favourable Answer.

Hardoun parted with her, with great Satisfaction, and the Town received her again with no less. The Inhabitants consulted again, and concluded to make a prodigious Pit and cover it with Earth and Branches, to deceive and catch the Giant. At the same time *Nour's* Parents gave her to *Scimdy*, who attended by all his Friends, repair'd to his Father-in-law's to celebrate the Nuptials, and every body were ready to participate in the rejoycings; but *Mordrek*, a Youth who had long aspired to the Possession of *Nour*, could not behold the happiness of his Rival. He broke his Stick on his Knee, and threw the Pieces publickly in the Air, according to the Custom of their Country, and left the Town, with an intent to make himself away. Being come to the top of a Rock, which had been the Cure of many despairing Lovers; Oh Rock, cry'd he! Hard as thou art, the faithless *Nour* is still more hard than thee! Oh! Cruel *Nour*! This Day thou destroyest the unfortunate *Mordrek*, by accepting *Scimdy* for thy Husband. But *Scimdy*! how canst thou prefer him to me! What Prize did he ever gain by his dexterity in Shooting or Dancing! what Verses has he ever made in thy Praise, or Songs to celebrate thy Beauty? His Possessions are indeed larger than mine, and with them has he purchased thee: Remain then his Slave, fair Barbarian! till Death call thee after me. He was just going to cast himself down the Precipice; when a powerful Hand grasped his Breast and Shoulder so hard, that he who just before desir'd nothing but Death, now was apprehensive it would come too soon. 'Twas *Hardoun*, who had overheard him, and was come to demand a more particular Information, at the same time fetching such a Sigh from his vast Breast as made the Hills tremble, and frighted Echo into silence.

Mordrek seeing who it was, conceived a secret satisfaction, and immediately told him all that had happen'd and would be accomplish'd that Evening; not omitting to shew him the pit prepar'd for his Destruction. The Giant commanded him to conduct him to *Nour's* House, vowing the highest Revenge on the whole City for their base Designs. *Mordrek* walk'd before, and inwardly thank'd Fortune. Had they not already known it; the joyful noise of the Silver Horns and Cymbals would have distinguish'd the Place of the Nuptial Entertainment, which

was

was in a Court Yard. The Giant enter'd on his Knees by a great Gate, and lifting up his Cedar, said, Vile and abominable



Traitors, who condemn God and Truth, and have the Hardiness to impose on the Son of a *Gnius*! Tremble at your approaching Fate. These Words and the sight of him that spoke them threw all the Company into the utmost Consternation. Some crept under the Carpet, others climbed up the Trees, the rest held up their Hands or fell prostrate, imploring his Mercy. *Nour's* Father took her in his Arms and opposed her to the Giant, hoping thereby to allay his Fury. He was not deceived, for *Hardown* was disarmed of all his Anger, and repenting he had caused so great a Terror in her he so passionately ador'd, told them
they

they had nothing to fear, provided he might that Night be happy in his Love. In this Consternation they would have sacrific'd to him all the Virgins of the City, so readily acquiesc'd with his Demand, protesting, that if they durst have presum'd, that the addresses of a Person of his Character had tended to marriage they would not have thought of another Husband for her. The Giant, won by this Excuse, put his Finger on their Heads in token of reconciliation, and plac'd himself by fearful *Nour*, whom they persuaded to entertain him in the most obliging manner.

While she amus'd him with a Shew of Tenderness, the Chiefs of the Assembly retir'd to consult what was to be done. *Nour* said one of them, shall make him drunk with † *Tary*, and when he is a-sleep it will be easy for us to prevent the Monster's waking any more. This being agreed to, the Master of the House fill'd a huge China Bowl with the strongest *Tary*, and presented it to *Hardoun* by the Hand of his Daughter. The Giant charm'd as well with the Liquor as the Hand that gave it, drank it off at one Draught. The Bowl was replenish'd again and again, and as oft emptied by the Giant, till the Company perceived he was no longer Master of his Head. He utter'd nothing but confus'd Stuff, his Eyes rowled, and Sleep overpowering his Faculties, he began to Snore. This was the Signal they wanted; the faithless Company bound his Hands and Feet with Cords, mounted like Pigmies upon his body, and at once stabb'd him in every Part of it. This execrable Murder restor'd *Nour* to *Scimdy*, and Tranquillity to all the Assembly; which soon after breaking up, *Nour* conducted her Husband and Kindred to the Giant's Cavern, where they found immense Riches.

Feridoun was not long ignorant of his Son's Fate, and resolv'd to take full Revenge of the barbarous Murderers. All the Inhabitants of the Island assembled to celebrate the Nuptials, and contend for the Prizes *Nour* was to distribute; the offended *Genius* appeared in the midst of them, and with a terrible Voice declaring who he was, touch'd the Bride with his Finger. Immediately her Limbs extended themselves till she became near as big as *Hardoun*, remaining nevertheless perfectly beautiful. If my Son, said *Feridoun*, were yet living, would you think his Carcasses fatal to this Creature? Could not I have done as much for him in his Life-time? Ah miserable People! if my Son had concealed his Extraction from this ungrateful Woman, and ye had been ignorant of my Power, and the Affection I had for him, you might have pretended some excuse. But since nothing can justify your Cruelty, no Contrition can prevent your Punishment. Inhumane *Nour*, become thou a Mountain! Ye

† Wine drawn from the Palm Tree.

barbarous Parents, guilty Kindred and Companions, be ye shut in her Entrails, and gnaw them till my future Pleasure. *Nour* took the Form of a large Mountain, and swallowed up all the Inhabitants of the Island. Nine Months after the Mountain trembled, and utter'd such dreadful Groans, that the astonished Inhabitants of the adjacent Isles came to behold the Issue of so wonderful an Accident. After waiting some Time, they beheld falling from a thousand openings, prodigious droves of Mice, which betook themselves to the Woods. Thus the miserable *Nour* in a shameful Form, and with most extreme Pain, deliver'd up the Accomplices of her Barbarity; and such was the end of *Feridoun's* Resentment, tho' without any mitigation to his Affliction. He loves and hates this Island at the same time; he protects and detests it; and sheds more Tears in it than his Son did drops of Blood. It is the most gloomy Theatre of Sorrow, none being suffered to live here, but such as are overwhelmed with Grief. Is it inhabited then, said I? Yes, answer'd the *Santon*, by my self and four *Santons* more; whom I expect here to morrow to say the Break-of-Day Prayer. Then the *Santon* rose, shewed us two little Beds, and retired to his Closet, where he spent the Night in great Lamentations.

Next Morning came the four *Santons*, and saluted us; three of them were young, but the other advanced in Years. We purified ourselves in a little Fountain, and followed them to the Place of Prayer. Our Host took the Office of *Iman*, and when the Prayer was ended made us sit down round a longish Chest which stood in the middle of the Place. Then taking the *Alshoran* he read a Chapter, which we hearkened to with the utmost Attention. After that he approached the Chest, and leaning over it besprinkled it with his Tears. The other *Santons* appeared very melancholy, as we also did in Complaisance to him. Upon which raising himself again, he looked upon us, and opening the Chest, said, *Mussulmen*, Behold the Subject of my Complaints. We saw in it the Body of a young Woman, so fresh that she looked rather to be asleep than dead. He gave us a considerable time to reflect on the Corps, the Sight of which caused fresh Torrents to flow from his Eyes. Then he shut the Chest, and led us into a Chamber where we reposed ourselves, and after a short condoling Silence, the old *Santon* began the Conversation, saying, that *Feridoun* would not come till the third Prayer. Then, reply'd our Host, we shall have Time enough to inform these Strangers, who wait to consult him, of the different Adventures that brought us to this Island. And as they have no doubt some Curiosity about what they have now seen, I shall satisfy it by the recital of mine, if the Company thinks proper. The *Santons* approved of it, and for our Part we thanked him for preventing our Entreaties.

The Adventure of the Santon, Husband of the young Woman.

I Am, said he, Son of a great Merchant of *Massulipatan*, and was brought up in his Business. When I was at Age I married with his Consent the unfortunate *Kakoule*, whom I now bewail. Her natural Parts were cultivated with the best Education; her Behaviour soft and very engaging, and her Affection for me very tender. As for her Beauty I leave you to judge of it, by the Features Death and the Grave have left her. We liv'd two Years with the greatest mutual Affection and Happiness, when my Father had Advice of the Mismanagement of his chief Clerk at *Macassar*. I propos'd to go with the first Ship to rectify this Disorder. This Offer was acceptable to my Father, but very disagreeable to my dear *Kakoule*. In short it flung her into Melancholy, which would have put a Period to her Life, had I not suffered her to go the Voyage with me: We embarked with a great Number of Passengers of all Nations; but the Inconveniencies of the Season caused a fatal Change in my tender Spouse's Constitution; so that sinking beneath the Violence of her Indisposition, I dye satisfied, said she, in thy Presence, and shall make but one Request, which is, that the same Grave may contain us, when Death shall take you away. As soon as it was convenient I put her dead Body in the Chest you have seen, and entreated the Officers of the Ship to permit me to preserve it. While the Weather proved favourable, none oppos'd my Request, but when it was any thing stormy the superstitious Merchants attributed it to a dead Body's being A-board, contrary to the Laws at Sea. In short the Tempest encreasing, the whole Ship oppos'd my Design. However I prevail'd with them to defer for a few Moments their committing so precious a Relick to the Fishes; and I went unknown to any of them, and shut my self up in the Chest. Now dearest *Kakoule*, said I, to her, as if she had been living, accept this Proof of my Love; thy last Words are fulfilled. Then I fastened the Lid on the Inside, and lay as motionless as if I had been dead. Not long after they took up the Chest, and with a Shoal of Imprecations, cast it over-board. I lost for some time all the Faculties of Life, and cannot guess how long we were the Sport of the Waves; at length I found my self on this Island; for being cast on it, *Feridoun* opened the Chest, and finding some Remains of Life in me, restored me by his Care.

FERIDOUN is happy, said I, to have near him such a Prodigy of Love and Fidelity. I know a Monarch would pre-
fer

fer you to the richest Jewel in the World. Tho' our own Misfortunes, said the old *Santon*, scarce suffer us to regard any thing, yet we cannot help being moved at the Relation of yours. Then turning to the three young *Santons*, he signified his Consent that they should next impart to us their Adventures. Upon which he that was next me began in this manner:

The Adventure of the first young sorrowful Santon.

WE are all three of the great Island of *Schore-Pulou*, said he, and one of the Laws observed there time out in mind, has made us unhappy. It deprives the *third Male Child* in every Family of his Inheritance; I say, deprives, because tho' it expresses, he shall enjoy it, provided he executes a Command given him by the Cadi, when he attains the Age of Fifteen, yet that Command is always so difficult, that scarce ever any could accomplish it. So that the Order of our Births has subjected us three to this Condition. The Command enjoined me by the Cadi was, To procure him three Dates with *Golden Kernels*. When I was ready to embark, my Mother slip'd into my hand a large Sum of Money. I found on board the Vessel several Travellers, who were relating their Adventures as an Amusement to one another. In my turn I described some remarkable Passages of my Life, and the Command our Cadi had laid on me, which I look'd on as a Jest, and altogether fictitious. Your *Cadi*, said one of the Company, has not so whimsical an Idea as you imagine, for the Dates with Golden Kernels grow in *Africa* on a blue Palm-Tree. The King of *Souffel* assured my Grandfather, who I have heard often speak of it, that it grew in one of his Provinces. I was agreeably surprized, and directly intreated to be informed what Difficulties lay in my way; but the Person vow'd, that was all he knew of it. We came to Anchor off the great Island of *†Scherne*, where I met with a Ship for my purpose. Being arrived in *Souffel*, I asked divers Persons about the blue Palm-tree, but none knew in what Part it grew, tho' they all agreed, there was such a one. How can you say there is one then? said I. Our Ancestors, reply'd they, have told us so, and they could have no Interest in deceiving us. I bought me a Horse, resolving to range all over this little Kingdom. Having examin'd above half of it in vain, I laid down one night in a Valley, and fell into a sleep, in which methought, I saw a Lady, in the Habit of the Country, who asked me very affably what I sought. I freely told her, and intreated her Assistance, that I might not be disinherited. Since you have recourse to me, said she, 'twill be your own fault if you are. At the end of this Valley you'll see a beautiful Fountain, and at the

bottom of it, a little blue Pebble, which you must take up, then follow the Stream, which discharges it self into a large River. This River runs not far before it divides and forms an Island, or rather a Garden, in the middle of which grows the blue Palm Tree. A Bridge leads to it, defended by seven and twenty Leopards. Before you come in their sight, put the blue Pebble in your Mouth; let your Horse graze in the Meadow, and pass boldly on foot by the Leopards, for the Pebble will render you invifible. When you come to the Tree, gather three Dates, and no more; but avoid eating any. The Lady disappear'd; I did as she directed. When I enter'd the Garden, an inexpressible Odour of fine Flowers and Fruits ravish'd me; but the blue Palm-tree and its Dates exceeded every thing Imagination can paint. The Temptation to taste this glorious Fruit was so strong, that I swear by *Mahomet*, that I believe to this day, I should have dy'd on the place, had I not gratified my Longing. I took the Pebble out of my Mouth, and began to eat of them. The Relish was enchanting, but alas! the Pleasure short. The Leopards now saw, and came towards me, with incredible Fury; but the Lady I had seen in my Dream, appear'd and kept them back. I fell at her feet, endeavouring to express my Resentment and Gratitude. Your Design is now entirely frustrated, said she, and you have nothing to do but acknowledge your Fault, and go and bewail yourself in the Island of the Genius *Feridoun*, my Father, who is more afflicted. Then conducting me beyond the Bridge, she charged me to pursue my Journey, and put the Pebble in its place as I pass'd by the Fountain; which, as soon as I had done, vanish'd from my sight; and looking back, I could see neither River nor Bridge. I was greatly astonish'd at this Adventure, but ceased to wonder at the odd Account the Inhabitants of *Souffel* gave me. I went directly for that City, where I embarked and came hither.

The Adventure of the Second of the young sorrowful Santons.

THE Command given me by our *Cadi*, said he, was as difficult as that you have heard related, only I had this Advantage, that he told me the Place I was to go to. The beautiful *Amberboi*, Daughter of the Genius *Arrout*, will not refuse you her Affection, could you prove yourself worthy of her. Go and try: Her Palace is in the Isle of *Hao*. I agreed with a *Portuguese* Merchant to set me on shore there. The Island is in the shape of a Sugar-Loaf; on which side soever you land, you discover the Palace of the beautiful *Amberboi*, which stands on the highest Part. There is no way to it but by a Pair of Stairs cut in the Rock, defended by six strong Gates

Gates, at equal distances. I knocked at the first, which was open'd by six † *Dervises*; the eldest, almost double with Age, demanded who I was, and whither going? I told him my Name and Business. If I could trust thy Wisdom, resumed he, I would advise thee for thy good. Depend on't, reply'd I, I'll make the best use of it. The *Dervise* shook his Head, saying, Go on, Young-man! thou hast too great an Opinion of thy self; farewell till we meet again. I consider'd his Rebuke, and went up softly to the second Gate. Five * *Calenders* opened it, and one of them asked me the like Question. I am, answer'd I, an unfortunate Young-man, devoted to the Service of the great Queen *Amberboi*; and am neither acute, nor learned, but know how to prefer her Will to my own. Ah, happy Young-man, cry'd they, pursue thy Way. At the third Gate four ‖ *Santons* stop'd me, and said: Thou seemest come to serve the Queen; but how long wilt thou serve her, and what Wages dost thou expect? The Pleasure of obeying so charming a Princess, will more than compensate my Services; which shall continue as long as I love her, and that will be as long as I live. Generously spoke, said they, letting me pass to the fourth Gate. Three ‡ *Mullabs* there ask'd me, If Force or Love brought me to serve the Queen? Wilt thou obey her in Impossibilities? The Queen is too just, answer'd I, to command them; and whatever was the first motive of my Inclinations, I now entirely languish to be hers. Go on, said the *Mullabs*. The fifth Gate was open'd by two § *Imans*, who said, If thou wert to chuse, would it be to live here with the Queen, or for her to go and live with thee? I would not chuse, said I, but would leave that to the Queen's better Judgment. Very well, cry'd they, Proceed. At the sixth Gate stood a most beautiful * *Nymph*. If my Mistress, said she, thinks you unworthy of her Favours, what will you do? Charming *Nymph*, answer'd I, then I'll entreat her to render me worthy, and never cease to adore her. If you succeed, returned she, desire nothing but her Person. After this Advice, she introduced me to the divine *Amberboi*. I fell prostrate, and kiss'd the Ground before her Throne. Rise, said the Queen, I accept your Offers, be truly submissive. Then two *Nymphs* led me

† Religious *Mahometans*, who wear Skins of Beasts, go bare Head and Foot; shave all their Hair, burn their Temples, and wear great Jasper Earrings of divers Colours.

* Religious *Mahometans* more respected than the *Dervises*. They wear a short Robe without Sleeves, edged with Horse or Camels Hair, Hats fringed with the same Hair, Iron Rings at their Ears, and about their Necks, and some one of two Pound Weight, fixed to the Part which serves for Generation: and shave themselves.

‖ *Mahometan Priests* ‡ *Mahometan Doctors*. § *Mahometan Curates*.

* Verbally translated it is a *Ginne of the Second Order*.

away. I observed her Commands with the greatest exactness for a Month, and found great Favour in her lovely Eyes, which at first look'd like Indifference it self. She lov'd me at last with a great deal of Ardour, and one day discover'd it in this manner: Thy great Submission has won my Soul; but this Place is not proper for our Pleasures. Our Actions here would be too much exposed to the Curiosity of the jealous *Giannes*: I know a delightful Retreat we can go to. I express'd my readiness. But let us take some Treasure with us, continued she, leading me into her Cabinet. At our entrance I saw six Gold Tables, on each of which stood a large *Turkish* Jar, full of inestimable Riches; each fill'd with precious Stones of different kinds, and Jewels exquisitely wrought and set in Gold. My Charmer, said she, take whatever you think fit of this vast Treasure, and carry it with you. I was dazled, but recollecting the *Nymph's* Advice, My Queen, answer'd I, my Desires are only confin'd to you; and was going to leave the Cabinet; but *Amberboi* throwing her Arms about my Neck, said, with an irresistible Smile, You will not sure refuse this, taking up a Ring, and putting it on my Finger. While I was viewing the Beauty of it, I perceived my Picture set in it instead of a Diamond. I was so surprized at the Novelty, that it made me say, I should think my self guilty of the greatest Incivility, should I remove that Ring from the Finger she vouchsafed to put it on. *Amberboi* changed her Countenance in an instant, and said, Impostor, perjurd, and barbarous Villain, is this thy Love for me? Begone, Wretch, begone, and adore thy self. How much was I astonish'd at these words? The Queen flung out, and fifty of her *Nymphs*, furious as so many Lions, came in, and drag'd me down to the second Gate, which, with the rest, were open quite to the bottom. The two *Imans* took me under each Arm, and toss'd me to the *Mullabs*; those hurl'd me violently towards the *Santons*; the *Santons* threw me with all their Force to the *Calendars*; and they tost me so roughly that I fell half dead among the *Dervises*. These suffer'd me to recover on purpose to divert themselves with me; I foresaw, Young-man, said the old *Dervise* to me, your Self-love and Vanity would have no success; go and sit on that Rock till some Vessel passes by. He shut the Gate, and I repair'd to the Rock, where I remain'd three Weeks, during which time they brought me every day a little Rice, mix'd with a bitter Herb call'd *Rue*. A Ship at last came within ken, and sent a Boat to take me on board. The old Man advised me to take Refuge in this Island; and I am not at all dissatisfied in following his Direction.

*The Adventure of the third of the young
sorrowful Santons.*

THE Command given me by the *Cadi*, said the third *Santon*, provoked all that heard it, because they look'd on it as the most difficult he ever enjoin'd before. Go, says he, fetch me *Daggial's* Ass, which you will find in Mount *Caf*. I return'd home exceeding melancholy, which melted down my Brothers to consent that my Father should furnish me with a large Sum of Money, as believing I should never return to trouble them more. I quitted the Island *Schore Pulou*, and got transported to the Main Continent. I bought a Slave, two Horses for our Journey, and a Mule to carry our Provisions; also Arms for our defence; promising my Slave his Liberty, if he was faithful, when we returned. We took the direct Way to the Mountains, and discover'd that of *Caf* soon, as being the highest of them. We made easy Journies, taking particular care to inform ourselves of *Daggial* and his Ass, in all the Towns we came to; but it was three Months before we received any satisfactory Account; then travelling thro' a small Wood, we heard a most terrible Outcry. Let us go aside, said I, to see what it means: If any are in Distress, let us hazard our Lives in their succour; for the Case may happen to be our own. The Slave, who was of good Courage, ty'd the Mule to a Thicket, so we set our Bows in order, and went towards the Noise. We saw three Men with their Backs to a Tree, defending themselves against seven Rogues. We shot directly at the Assailants; two of them drop'd at the first, as many at our second Discharge, and the three remaining ran at us with the greatest fury, to revenge their loss; but whilst we prepared to receive 'em, the three Men we had assisted, pursued, wounded and took them. I embraced the Travellers, who were very thankful, and persuaded them to leave the Wretches to expire, and go and take some Refreshments we had on our Mule. They eat very heartily; in the mean time I recounted my Expedition, and intreated their Opinions of it. A good Action is never lost, said one of them; and no body can give you better Directions than we, who live at the foot of the Mountain the Ass grazes on. Dear Friends, cry'd I, you have put an end to my Troubles. Be certain of nothing, resumed the Travellers; an Undertaking does not always succeed, tho' no Caution is wanting; but as we go along, we'll farther inform you: First, there are so many steep Paths and Hills to pass, that your Equipage will be a vast hindrance to you. This News made me very pensive; but taking a Resolution, I divided

vided the Provision into five Parts; and gave one to my Slave, saying, This will suffice thee until thou canst reach some Town; besides, I give thee thy Liberty, these Animals, and this Purse. So God bless thee; pray for thy Master. He thanked me with Tears in his Eyes; and I left him, to follow on foot my Conductors, taking each our Share of Provisions. We travell'd a Week and saw nothing but numberless Precipices. At last we came to a Valley very fresh and green, in which were some straggling Houses. He who chiefly conversed with me, led me into one, and entertain'd me in a rural manner; and when the Family were retired, spoke to me on this wise: My Lord! at the Top of the next Mountain you'll find a Wood of odoriferous Trees, *Daggial's* Ass feeds there, delighting in nothing but sweet Flavours. He is as black as Jet,



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Jet, and his Wings will not suffer any Infection, or superfluous Weight, or the least Fear in the Person that rides him. You may easily provide against the two first ; but, my Lord, weigh well the third ; for if *Daggial's* Afs finds you in the least timorous, when he flies like an Eagle into the Air with you, he throws you headlong to the Earth. Dear fellow Traveller, replied I, my Courage will not fail ; do but set me onwards on my Journey. He ascended with me till we came to 2 delightful Fountain, where we rested, and I wash'd my self from Head to Foot, as also my Clothes. Then my Host returned, wishing me Prosperity ; and excused himself from going farther, for fear of *Daggial's* Indignation. I went up to the sweet-scented Wood, where I found the Afs just as he had been described. He suffer'd me quietly to come to him, and I stroked him a good while to make him familiar ; at last I jump'd upon him : In a moment he spread his large Wings, and began to cut the Air with such swiftness, that in less than an Hour we were in a direct Line above the Ocean, Hitherto I was undaunted ; but mounting higher, I saw a huge black Giant, armed with a fiery Javelin, aiming to pierce me with it. This proved to be *Daggial* himself, who gave me such a horrible Look, that I could not but give way to the Terrour. I might, perhaps, have recover'd my Courage, had the Afs allow'd me time, but he immediately stood on his hind Legs and shook me off. I fell headlong into the Sea, but was so fortunate not to be suffocated with the Plunge : for, coming up again, and being lightly dress'd, I swam till taken up by some Fishermen, whom I asked what Part of the World I was in. They told me I was near the Island of *Feridoun*, who was a *Genius* that treated with much Humanity all that are overwhelm'd in Affliction. Whereupon, at my desire, they conducted me to this Island.

The Adventure of the old Santon.

THE Fame of *Feridoun's* great Charity, said the old *Santon*, made me likewise repair hither. Having passed my youth in the Exercise of Arms, and given Proofs of my valour to the invincible Sultan *Jehan-Guir*, he gave me the Command of a thousand Horse. So signal a mark of his Favour animated me to serve him with the greatest Fidelity. The siege of *Candabar* was the last expedition I was in ; after taking this fortress which the *Persians* had deemed impregnable, the Campaign ended, and the Troops were order'd to their respective Quarters. Mine were appointed on the Frontiers of the Principality of *Ancheran* ; in our March thither I was obliged

to traverse the high Mountains that separate the Kingdom of *Tibet* from the Province of *Cabul*, the Valleys whereof are but thinly inhabited. So that tho' I took the best care to regulate the Rout of my Troops, yet one night the badness of the Roads had prevented our reaching a Village I had appointed for our Stage. We were obliged to halt at a Hamlet only of seven or eight Cottages, which occasioned a Necessity of encamping contrary to our Custom. As the Officers were seeking a convenient Place for pitching the Tents, they perceived at the end of a pleasant Valley, a spacious old Edifice. They asked the Country People what it was? That fortress, reply'd one, belongs to the Queen of the Mountains, who has been in Possession of it ever since the Incurſion of the *Persians*, when it was abandon'd. She suffers no stranger to come nigh her Court, so that is it not known what Entrance she's of, or how she subsists her numerous Attendants. No body had ever more the Air of a Princess; nevertheless I cannot believe her a Woman of Flesh and Bones; for I have seen her several times fly like a Bird, and her People do very surprizing Things. We dare not so much as approach the fortress, for several of us have narrowly escaped our Lives, only for feeding our flocks too near. By the Moon, replied one of our Officers, here's an Adventure the most worthy our Curiosity. We ought not therefore to neglect putting it in Execution. Let us then march directly into the fortress; it's big enough to entertain us, and we shall be less expos'd to the weather there than under the Tents. The Queen will either be afraid to shew herself, unless to give us a gracious Reception. For the sight of so formidable a squadron as ours would make even *Ashnough* * himself complaisant. I would not have you depend on that, answer'd the Peasant. But the other Officers being chiefly bold young Gentlemen, thought it derogating from their Character to disapprove the rash Proposition. They came immediately to me, and inspiring me with as much Curiosity, but without letting me know the Caution given 'em by the Peasant, I gave orders for marching, and commanded the Hamlet to furnish us with Wood, Provision, and all the Lamps they had.

When we had enter'd the Edifice we found it in sufficient Repair; but saw no body: I made the best disposition of our Company was possible. Fires were made every where; eating drinking and merriment went round in every Room; but still we took care to have our Arms ready. I supp'd with the Officers in a fine Hall, which we illuminated with all the Lamps of the Hamlet. We diverted ourselves till midnight, and were disposing ourselves to take our Rest, when a sudden and dread-

* An evil Div, *Ahriman* employs to sow discord among Men.

ful Noise was heard, which made us soon think of something else. As Men of singular Courage, far from being dismay'd, we seized our Arms, and faced about to the Gate, intrepidly waiting the Event. The Noise ceased, and a little after we saw the pretended Queen of the Mountains appear, most magnificently dress'd, preceded by a Dozen Guards, well armed, attended by a Company of Ladies, richly adorn'd, and follow'd by a great Number of People nicely Armed and Cloath'd. I fix'd my Eyes directly on her, but could not speak a word, being amazed at her Magnificence and Beauty. What, my Lord, said she, do you surprize me Sword in Hand? Do you make your Visits in this manner? Madam, answer'd I, you'll easily pardon, I hope, our Incivility, expecting to find an Enemy here: You may have found one, in effect, cry'd she, and I believe your Arms will be of no Service to you. As I was about to reply, a brutal Wretch, seeming to come from my Company, advanced, and took the Queen insolently by the Chin, saying he was ready to fight her at any Weapon she should name. She stepped back as in great Confusion; and one of her Ladies flew at the presumptuous Fellow to tear out his Eyes: I also gave him a blow on the Face; and all in the Hall drew their Sabres. The Queen's Officers threatned to revenge the Insolence done their Mistress; and mine cry'd, Let the guilty Person be punished: The Soldiers placed in the other Parts of the Fortress, came to the Noise; so that the Hall was so full, there was scarce any stirring in it.

The Queen demanded the Person that had insulted her, who he was; but the Wretch making no Answer, her Attendants said, Undoubtedly it was some body belonging to me: My Officers and I not knowing him, maintained the contrary, and that he was one of her own Domesticks: The Dispute grew hot, the Lie was given on both sides, and Blows ensued; each attacked his Man; the Lamps were thrown down, and the Fury of the Combatants rather increased in the dark; the Blood streamed in abundance, and the Havock lasted till Morning; when those who surviv'd, saw the Queen at the Hall-door, laughing extremely, and saying to them, Wretches, open your Eyes, know yourselves, and remember never to take up your Lodging in another Person's House without their Leave. I was wounded so deep in two Places, that tho' I saw and heard the execrable Phantom, I was not able to speak; but how were we surpriz'd, when we perceived that we only had been fighting with one another! All those who were able, urg'd by a just Resentment, made directly towards the Queen to be revenged of her, but she vanish'd, continuing to deride us.

Our Corps being reduced to a fourth Part, we thought of nothing but burying the Dead, and relieving the Wounded; who being removed to the Cottages, as fast as they recover'd, I sent them to join the rest at *Ancberan*: They imagined I would not fail to rejoin them also; but being asham'd of what had happen'd to the Flower of *Jehan Guir's* Army, I could not think of appearing before him; so that instead of taking that Rout, I travell'd to the Sea-side, cursing the abominable *Div*, who had transform'd one half of my Soldiers, to engage the other, by means of a Spectre that began the Quarrel.

TIME slipping away insensibly, during all these Recitals, our Host went out to look at the Sun, and coming in, told us it was near the Hour of the second Prayer: Whereupon we rose, and prepared ourselves for it, by Bathing and pious Reflections. After the Prayer was ended, we sat down together, and the Company desired to hear a Relation of our Adventures, and we satisfied them therein. Upon which our *Santon* said to us; It is not difficult now to guess what you would know of *Feridoun*, but observe this, give him no other Title than *Genius*, avoid calling him *Peri*, because he is not one; and *Div*, because he is one converted.

The loud Sighs we heard, giving us notice that the Master of the Isle was coming, our Host took the *Alchoran*, and order'd us all to follow him. We walk'd after him and his brethren till we came to the Entrance of a great *Lawn* in the middle of the Wood, where seeing *Feridoun* at the further end of it, we stood still in a Line: He advanced towards us with wide solemn Steps, agitating the Trees (the largest of which reached but to his Shoulders) so much with his strong Sighs, that they made as much Noise as a great Wind does in a Forest: His Features were extremely fine, but of a masculine and majestick Beauty: His Arms folded together across his Breast, and his Head stooping forward, with his Eyes fix'd on the Earth, as one immersed in the deepest Melancholy. He stop'd when he came near us, and the *Santons* advancing, *Almoraddin* and I follow'd them: And all saluting him three times, bowing down to the Ground, as customary to the Sultan of the *Indies*, our Chief open'd the *Alchoran*, and read these words in an audible Voice:

IN the Name of the most merciful and mighty God. I am informed by Revelation, that certain Genii, who listen'd to me as I read the *Alchoran*, said: We have heard the Words of the miraculous *Alchoran*. It teaches the Way of Truth; We give our Faith to all it contains. We cannot believe God shares his Omnipotence, but are fully persuaded, that there is but one God, and He hath neither Wife nor Family. The Ignorant who hold the contrary, blaspheme against his Divine Majesty, and are accursed. Some Men only implore the Assistance of Divine Spirits, augmenting their own Confusion; and the more so, by alledging
God

God will raise none from the Dead. Certain Genii have farther affirmed. We have towered as far as Heaven, and found it Starrified and Guarded. We repos'd ourselves to listen. A Star spies out the Curious, and drives them down. We cannot tell whether God hates the Mortals on Earth; or whether he will shew you the right Path. But we now are of the Number of those who believe in his Unity. We walked before in Error, and thought God was ignorant of what was done on the Earth; but the Truth is, none can escape his Power. This is the Book which teaches the right Way; he that trusts in God, need not fear what Misfortune or Injustice can befall him. All of us that are good, rely sincerely upon God.

Then the Santon shut the holy Book, and the Genius being comforted with what he had heard, ask'd (as low as he could speak) who we were, and what we wanted; adding, that as we were true Mussulmen, we might depend upon his Protection. Upon this I made a Sign to Almoraddin, and as we approached, Generous Genius, said I, you are not ignorant who we are, and what has brought us hither; but since you require us to relate our Case, This young Merchant has lost two Thirds of his Substance, in disappointing twice the beautiful Zulikab, Queen of Barrostan, and must infallibly lose the rest, if he does not now answer her Expectations. As for me, I am a Slave of Chab Jehan; induced by a laudable Curiosity, I travel for the Improvement of my Mind and Manners, but chiefly to discover the Island of Borico, and the Fountain, whose Water restores past Youth to those who drink of it: Enlighten us, who doubt of Success, gracious Genius! by thy Counsels. Let him (answer'd Feridoun) that is silent, follow the Advice of him that has spoken; and him that has spoken, hope every thing from his good Works. We bow'd at receiving this short Oracle; and the Santons bidding us retire, we return'd to the Hut.

Tho' my future Conduct is to be regulated by you, said Almoraddin, yet, if I may advise, 'twill be proper to return to our Ship, because our Men will be impatient: With all my heart, replied I; but let us return again with some Presents in token of Gratitude. We went to the Sea-side, call'd the Boat, and went on board; assuring them we did not come for any body: The Sailors shouted for Joy; and the Pilot, who, thinking of his Father's Fate, had been trembling all this while, o'erwhelm'd us with Questions, but we defer'd answering them till a more convenient time. Almoraddin, by my Direction, made choice of three Pieces of Gold Brocade for Feridoun, and five Pieces of fine Cloth, five curious China Bowls, a Sack of Bocaro Plumbs, and one of Kichmiches Apricocks, for the five Santons. With these Presents we repaired to the Hut, and laid them at the Door, the Santons not being return'd. We have now, said I, fulfill'd

our Duty ; so let us embark in good earnest. A favourable Gale arising in the Night, next Morning we weigh'd Anchor.

The Sequel of the History of Almoraddin, and Queen Zulikah.

WE had no sooner unfurl'd our Sails, but the Ship was carried along so gently, as gave us time to satisfy the Curiosity of the Pilot and Mariners. After which, *Almoraddin* and I went apart to consult each other. *Feridoun's* Answer, which at first seem'd to give us Hope, began now to puzzle us. If I expect to succeed in my Enterprize, said *Almoraddin*, I must follow punctually your Advice ; and tho' I am never so well-disposed to perform it, one false Step may spoil all, and we can't blame the Oracle. I am no less uncertain than you, answer'd I ; my good Fortune depends on the Assistance I am able to give you ; but if I omit any thing needful, my good Work will be found defective, and both our Attempts frustrated. But don't we strain our Fears too far ? I can't think the Genius design'd to deceive us : Let us consider our Situation more favourably ; and as I have more reason than ever to espouse your Interest, let me know every Particular that has pass'd between you and the Queen of *Barrostan*. *Almoraddin* readily comply'd, and I listen'd with singular Attention to every Circumstance of his Adventures, which were the principal Subject of my Reflections the remaining part of the Voyage.

When we came within sight of *Sumatra*, we adorned our Vessel with a great number of Streamers, and sailed into the Harbour, firing our Guns as in Triumph : We cast Anchor, pretty near the Town ; and while the Officers were coming to visit us, we form'd a Concert of Musick, with Kettle-drums, *Karna's*, and several other Instruments, which drew Crowds of People to the Sea-side : The Windows and Terrasses of the Palace were likewise throng'd with Spectators ; and the Queen, with her whole Court, beheld us with Admiration. An Officer, with ten Soldiers, came to board us, and ask, in the Queen's Name, what was our Business : But he no sooner set Eyes on *Almoraddin*, than he knew him, and said, Heavens grant you may observe the Laws of our Royal Mistress better than hitherto you have done : But why do you delay coming on shoar ? Can you doubt of being received with open Arms ? No, answer'd *Almoraddin*, but I'm in a great Concern about what may happen to the best of Friends, (pointing to me) If I should be unhappily stopp'd again, would he be detain'd

A kind of Boat, a Fathom and half long, and a Foot wide at the End.

against his Will ? May the Queen vouchsafe to explain that Point. The Officer went and reported it to her, and returning again soon after, said to *Almoraddin*, The Law puts you in full Possession both of the Queen's Person and Riches, upon your fulfilling the Condition already known ; and, on failure, confiscates to the use of the Queen only your own Person and Effects : So that if you transgress the third time, your Friend is at liberty, provided he makes oath to lend you no Assistance while you are in her Dominions. Since the Law render'd me her Slave, why did she not detain me before ? said *Almoraddin*. The Queen, replied the Officer, permits the departure of her Lovers, that they may return again ; or because she can't bear them in her sight. The Guilty, cry'd *Almoraddin* blushing, deserve her Anger, and an opportunity to appease it.

The Oath being tender'd me, I took it, and order'd the Ship to the Key, where we landed, preceded by our Musicians, and followed by the rest of our Men neatly dress'd. When I saw the charming *Zulikab*, I wonder'd not at the Impressions she made on *Almoraddin* ; for, I verily believe, the eternal Virgins in Paradise, exceed her not in Beauty : The Day you arrive, said she to *Almoraddin*, I look on you as a Prodigy of Love, why then do you at Night deceive me ? He was struck dumb for a moment, and was forced to excuse himself by that Excess of Passion she herself had mention'd. He presented me to the Queen, and spoke with a better Address on the Subject of our Friendship, than he could do on his own Affair. When the Compliments were over, I begg'd leave to withdraw, to give some Orders to our People, who were obliged to go back to the Vessel. These I charg'd to observe the Directions I had before given ; and led the rest to an Apartment of the Palace ; where having lodg'd the Presents designed for the Queen, I returned to the Presence-Chamber. *Almoraddin* was seated next to *Zulika* ; and tho' he was wholly engrossed with her Beauties, he made a shew of admiring the Singing, and Agility of a Company of Dancers. I joined with them in their Actings, the better to inspect the Disposition of the Courtiers. I found *Almoraddin* was a great Favourite with them ; and that they pitied the Condition they expected to see him in next day. The Diversions were followed by a magnificent Supper, at which I observed nothing particular ; but that *Zulikab* assumed a Gayety which discover'd, however, some inward Anxiety, and was the more visible in her frequent looking at *Almoraddin* with a melancholy Air. I concluded she passionately lov'd and was concern'd for him. Being risen from Table, I disengag'd my self from the Company, and went for the Presents which were just brought to the Palace-gate, by three of our compleatest Men, as I had order'd.

The Kingdom of *Barrostan* produces Gold, Pepper, and Benjamin, the knowledge of which help'd me in disposing each Offering. I dress'd my self and the three Present-bearers in the Country Habit, and conducted them into the great Hall, ranging them in a direct Line against the Queen ; who being not apprized of it, was somewhat amaz'd, as was the whole Assembly, and all silently expected the Event. The first advanced with his Present, and laid it at *Zulikab's* Feet : It was the finest Basket ever brought from *China*, fill'd with extraordinary Pastils, cover'd with a little *Campfire* for Form-sake. The second offer'd his in the same manner ; which was a piece of *Ambergreece*, weighing six Pounds, in an Enamel Bason from *Japan*, spread over with some pieces of *Benjamin*. The third presented a small Tree of massy Gold, planted in Gold Dust, within a Jar of Rock Crystal. I approached also, but instead of laying my Present at her Feet, I presented it into the Queen's Hands, saying, Sovereign of Gold and Perfumes, disdain not the First-Fruits of Pepper, but vouchsafe to accept these Grains, because I am perswaded they will become more precious in Hands accusom'd to work Miracles. It was a great Box of Silver gilt, full of beautiful large *Pearls*. *Zulikab* open'd it, and seeing them, said, She never knew White-Pepper of so charming a Lustre. After this she dismissed us in the same manner as if we had been her Subjects.

We retired, and as soon as I had changed my Habit, two of our Sailors arrived quite out of breath, and said, Lord *Abdallab* ! all the Ship is in confusion ; our Men are cutting one another's Throats ; and the maddest threaten to blow up the Ship, and all will be lost, if *Almoraddin* does not appear. I conducted them immediately before the Queen and *Almoraddin*, to repeat their Message. *Almoraddin* beg'd leave to go and appease this Tumult ; and having obtain'd it on condition of a speedy return, we ran directly to the Port, and were no sooner on board, but the clashing of their Swords, the Threats and Noise of the Combatants was at an end. This was nothing but a Representation I had caused to be acted, to get an opportunity of discoursing *Almoraddin* alone, and giving him my last Advice for his Proceeding, which he took with great docility, and returned to the Queen ; to whom he made an agreeable Recital of the Disturbance which had detain'd him. The Hour for Repose being come, I had an Apartment appointed me in the Palace, and the beautiful *Zulikab*, in presence of all her Court, introduced the amorous *Almoraddin* into her Bed-chamber.

The End of the First Volume.

A TABLE of CONTENTS, some REMARKS.

WE call this, *The End of the First Volume* of the Adventures of *Abdallah*, because so imperfect a breaking off cannot but suppose another. And it may reasonably be expected; for *Monf. Sandiffon*, in his Account of the *Arabian Manuscript* of these Memoirs, informs us, that *Abdalla* met with Success, and brought *Chah-Jehan* some of the Water which restores past Youth; but that the Sultan making use of it in his Absence, and without observing the Circumstances, p. 7. it raised such a Ferment in his Blood, as caused a Report of his Death; which *Abdallah* hearing, could not survive. In truth, *Chah-Jehan* appeared lifeless for some time, which caused his Children to seize the Empire, and put him in Prison. But it is not doubted but *Aureng Zebe*, who became sole Master of his Father's Treasures, found out the true Use of this precious Water; since he prolonged his Life to enjoy the longest Reign of any Monarch since *Solomon*. Hence we may learn, that the most excellent Things lose their Virtue, when made use of without a due Medium.

The Story of *Almoraddin*, p. 8, 9. shews the bewitching Power of Love, which hurries its Votaries into Ruin, without sufficient Precaution. Twice he experienced the Want of it, and as often failed in pleasing his charming Queen at Night; a Task he the least doubted of performing, and a Misfortune greater than any other. The third time, we presume, he accomplish'd it by his Friend's Advice; but after what manner remains to be told.

The *Indian Lady* deliver'd from the Fire, p. 12, 13. is a Representation of a Custom of those Women being burnt alive with their deceased Husbands; which by a late Account in our Newspapers, we find still continues. But we have no where so good a Relation of it and the Stratagems of their Priests, as here.

The *Indian Virgin* carried away by the *Fakirs*, p. 14, is another Instance of the abominable Pranks and Lewdness of Priests.

What can be a greater Satyr on the conceited Opinions of Doctors and old Men, than their different Reasons of Long Life? p. 16.

The Story of the three great Fishes, told by the little Girl *Loulou*, would, in the hands of a Political Writer, be turned against Ministers of State were it possible to match their Characters. p. 18.

Something of the like Construction may be put upon the History of the King without a Nose, p. 19; for it is observable, he would not have been drove to such a ridiculous Situation, had he been ruled by his Queen, instead of his Minion, p. 21.

The History of the *Persian Lady*, p. 22. is chiefly an Amusement or Vision; so that the Words of the Charm, p. 22, and 23. may be pronounced without fear of being transported to the *Topsy Turvy Island*; where the Young look old and wrinkled, and the Old are smooth and plump; where the Women court the Men, the Men are coy and reserved; and where the World is reversed, p. 28.

The History of *Ajoub* and the Scroll he read, p. 35. is of the like kind with the former; and are both together in the Conclusion, a pretty sort of a Reprehension of all such chimerical Stories, &c. forasmuch as it appears, p. 42, and 45. that though they made those extraordinary Voyages, their Bodies never moved.

The Resurrection of Queen *Feramak* and her Husband, p. 39. and the Exercises of the *Peries*, p. 41. and the like, are Particularities in

CONTENTS.

in the World Reverted; but the excellent Speech of the Queen to them, p. 40. concerning the Decay of her Nation's Glory, the Vanity of raising the Palaces; of undertaking needless Exploits; and of permitting their Enemies to become Conspicuous thereby; with her Exhortation to imitate the noble Actions of their great Ancestors and famous Men, is a Piece very applicable to a degenerate People.

The Sequel of *Shah's* History, and his marrying the *Persian Lady*, is concluded, p. 42, 43.

Loulou's second Story, shewing why Men grow older, and Serpents younger, is one of those pretty Tales invented to instill into the Minds of Children, a discretionary Conduct; and may entertain, as well as improve, the greatest Statesmen, who may learn thereby never to trust *Age* with any Commission of Importance.

To pass over p. 45, which needs no Remark, the History of Prince *Tangut*, and the Princess with a Nose a Foot long, p. 46, &c. is so delightful, that nothing less than perusing it, can give a sufficient Idea of its amazing Contexture; and when that is done, one need not inform you, that the Moral of it, tends to the Mortification of those proud, tyrannizing, beautiful Ladies, who are so blinded with Vain-glory, and a capricious fancy, that they cannot discern when they have a faithful and deserving Admirer, till they have carried their Disdain and Arrogance too far; are then slighted in their turn, and left a severe Punishment to themselves, and frightful Examples of Perfidiousness, p. 57.

The third Story of *Loulou*, about the Little Bird and the Monkier, p. 58, is applied by her to *Abdallah*, and is obvious enough.

The History of *Almoraddin* continued, p. 59, is an Account of the Destruction of their *Pilot's* Father, and many of his Ship-mates, on an Island; which cannot deter *Abdallah* and *Almoraddin* from satisfying their Curiosity in visiting it, to consult the *Genius Feridoun*, p. 60.

The History of *Feridoun* and the Princess *Cheroudah*, p. 62.

Of the Giant *Hardeu* and the beautiful *Nour*, p. 63. His execrable Murder, p. 66. and her terrible Punishment for Perfidy, p. 67.

The Adventure of the *Santon*, Husband of the young Woman, whose Corps he kept by him in a Chest to weep over it, p. 68.

The Adventure of the first young sorrowful *Santon*, in search of the *Delta* with *Golden Kernels*, p. 73.

The Adventure of the second sorrowful *Santon*, and his Misfortune when his Reception by the beautiful Queen *Amberboi*, p. 71, 72.

The Adventure of the third sorrowful *Santon*, and the Reason of his ill Success, p. 73, 74, 75.

The three last Adventures sufficiently set forth the great Advantage of laying hold of lucky Opportunities, and that if a Man misses securing his principal Concern, all the promising Steps taken towards it, serve afterwards but to increase his Sorrows.

The Adventure of the old *Santon*; an Account of his losing most part of a Regiment he commanded, by a rash Attempt, p. 77.

A Description of *Feridoun* and his Sorrows, p. 77, 78. His Advice to *Abdallah* and *Almoraddin*, p. 79.

They make their Voyage, 80. Arrive at the Court of *Zulika*, the charming Queen of *Barrothet*, 81. She upbraids *Almoraddin* for having deceived disappointed her; but receives him very affectionately, accepts his rich Presents, and introduces him again into her Bed-chamber, p. 82. where we must leave them.